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SKETCH OF BENEVOLENT OPERATIONS IN
BEHALF OF SEAMEN.—NO. X.

CONNECTION WITH THE PRO-
GRESS OF RELIGION IN THE
WORLD.

The work of evangelizing seamen, in addition to the interest arising from the character and necessities of the men themselves, has a second aspect of scarcely inferior importance, growing out of the influence which seamen, as a class, exert upon the world. It is due to a just estimate of the cause, to take some notice of this topic.

That a body of men so numerous, so active, and having so free intercourse with every nation of the world, should wield an immense influence of some sort upon the world, is obvious at a glance. Conceive of a fleet of full THIRTY THOUSAND VESSELS, and nearly HALF A MILLION OF MEN, and quadrupling itself in numbers every twenty-five years, sent forth from America alone, to visit every nation on the globe; to bear our flag, emblem of freedom and christianity, to every shore; and by example and direct effort, as well as through the transactions of commerce to impress themselves upon the moral condition of all people;—and we need nothing more to show the magnitude of that power

which they must exert, and the vast importance of making it a power for good, and not for evil.

We know not how this subject can better be exhibited, than by giving some examples of this influence, of both kinds.

INFLUENCE OF WICKED SEAMEN.

The history of the conduct of unprincipled sailors abroad presents a dark chapter of human depravity. Werenot the facts attested by the most unimpeachable authority, we might hesitate as to their truth. A sample of them is all that we shall give; and that only because of a painful conviction, that without it, the christian public can not know how urgent the necessity of labors for seamen, not only for their own sakes, but from regard to the honor of our country, and to the progress of the Gospel in the world.

At the Sandwich Islands.

Soon after Christianity had obtained a footing at the Sandwich Islands, a law enacted by the chiefs prohibited native females from visiting ships for licentious purposes, as had been the custom under their heathen usages. This law was exceedingly obnoxious to many crews. The missionaries were regarded as the cause of the enactment, and the greatest insults and

abuse were heaped upon them in consequence. The following statement of what occurred, is abridged from Newcomb's Cyclopaedia of Missions.

"On one occasion, the crew of a whale-ship marched to the house of a missionary in a company 40 in number, armed with knives, and with a black flag flying, demanding with oaths and execrations that he should consent to their demands. In another case, when the missionary was engaged in worship on the Sabbath, in the sick-room of a chief, he was assailed by six or seven sailors belonging to a schooner of our Navy, armed with knives, demanding the repeal of the law, and threatening to tear down the house if it were not done. After a scene of confusion, during which they broke all the windows in front of the house, they were constrained to retire, when they directed their course towards the house of the missionary. He, alarmed for his family, attempted to reach his house before them by another way, but fell into their hands, and very narrowly escaped with his life, rescued by the natives. The same evening, their commander instead of restraining his crew, or apologizing for the outrage, called on the chiefs, and declared that the prohibition should come off; that he was determined not to leave the Islands till the law was repealed. The head chief being sick, some of the others yielded to their fears, and a connivance at a breach of the law was the result. In the dusk of the evening of the next day, a boat with females passed along the harbor, and a shout arose among the shipping at the glorious victory they had obtained."

Such scenes were many times enacted at the Islands. On one occasion the Governor of the village was absent, and the place was in charge of a female chief, who directed the women to flee with her to the mountains, which they did,—all the females from a town of 4,000 inhabitants, fleeing from the violence and lust of sailors from Christian lands!

At the South Sea Islands.

The English missionary Williams, at a public meeting in London, said :

"Only think what would be the effect upon your missionary stations, if every ship that visited them carried pious captains, officers and men! Instead of which, they come to our beautiful islands, looking forward to the gratification of every vile passion, and at times there is an inundation of wickedness brought upon us by them."

At the Micronesian Islands.

Rev. Mr. Doane, of the A. B. C. F. M., says :

"I cannot close this communication without first making an appeal for the islands west of us. The largest part of the population of the Caroline group is there, not less, we have reason to believe, than sixty thousand souls. And the population upon these islands has not yet been visited by ships, except to a small extent. The inhabitants, we suppose, are mostly free from a knowledge of foreign vices. But this state of things cannot continue. Not many years longer will such a people be found there. Ships are beginning to look in that direction for whales. Already the report is, that about many of them good sperm-whaling ground is to be found. And when ships visit them, alas for the people! Foreigners will make their home there, and will introduce their vices; so that when we get ready to make a beginning, we shall find the people corrupted and wasting away."

Rev. Mr. Snow, in a communication to the Board, after referring to the arrival of one vessel, the ———, and the scenes which followed, says :

"I assure you, I have hardly ever had a more sinking feeling of utter despair for our people and our cause, than I experienced that morning. All the trying experience of the past four years came rushing in with such force, as to quite unnerve me."

Rev. Mr. Sturges of the same mission, writes :

"Shipping is upon us, and as we expected, the natives are strongly tempted. At this place there are four houses for the accommodation of *beastly* sailors, all kept by foreigners, the chief of whom is from New England. Not long since, one of my Sabbath congregations was much disturbed by the confusion attending upon the efforts of this man to take some girls who had fled from his premises.—He, and a company of kindred spirits, with loaded muskets pursued the fugitives, and captured them. This violent mode of getting victims for licentious captains and sailors, is now the only effectual one. This same man from New England, went two years ago, with a gang of natives, and shot down a fellow foreigner! He has repeatedly threatened us, but the good hand of the Lord has suffered no evil to come upon our persons from him. Our human natures are sometimes rather fretful, and we almost wish a man-of-war would come to take care of such murderers; yet we try to feel no anxiety about those matters, especially as we see how fast God is bringing the wretches to punishment, by means of one another. We hope and pray, that the fleet will be small this year. We find the natives so wild when two or three hundred sailors are let in loose among them, as to interfere greatly with our work."

Rev. Dr. Gulick, missionary at Ascension Island, in a solemn appeal ad-

dressed "To Christian owners of whale ships," says:

"You may not be fully aware, that most of the ships which you are interested in sending to this ocean, are the most disgusting of moral pest-houses. Not only are the sailors given to every crime, but the captains, with nearly all their officers, practice in these seas vices similar to those which brought righteous destruction on Sodom and Gomorrah. Several captains, whom Christians have engaged to take charge of their vessels in the Pacific, have thrown deadly obstacles in the way of the missionary work on this island. Your property and your agents have been active in promoting the basest intemperance. Some of your ships sell distilled spirits here on every visit, and some buy it. Your ships have, in our harbors, been so unblushingly peopled, from forecabin to cabin, with those who only gather there for sin, that I have visited them with the deepest loathing; and what shall I say of the emotions of my family, as we have been obliged to pass in full view of such scenes? Some of your captains have assisted in the demoralization of some of our most promising pupils; and most of them stand as far aloof from the missionary and his cause as possible. Nearly all your ships bring to these shores muskets and powder, thus furnishing fit instruments to the passions of this people, for murdering women and children in so-called "war."

One hundred and twenty-eight vessels have touched at Ascension Island since the first establishment of this mission, in September, 1852; and the nine digits would more than represent the number of captains who have proved themselves virtuous!"

He urges also, that public attention in America should be called to these abuses:

"The great body of Christians in the whaling ports of New England, should be awakened on the subject. Their responsibility is fearful, while they suffer themselves to have such an agency in desolating our beautiful Islands, and in peopling the regions of despair."

At Canton.

Rev. Dr. Parker in a letter addressed to Dr. Reed, of London, says of seamen there:

"Frequently some who come to Canton get intoxicated and lie in the streets in the filth, or exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, the derision of the idolaters that pass by. At such times it seems desirable to go backwards and throw a veil over the scene, and preferable to view the long queue and tawny complexion, than to see your nation and religion thus represented."

At Hong Kong.

Rev. J. C. Beecher Chaplain of the

A. S. Friend Soc., writes of Canton and Hong Kong:

"There are no two ports in China which together would present so wide a field for chaplain labor. And I believe there are no two ports which together can show the amount of licentiousness and beastly degradation, which is so rife in this. The whole public street through which I walked to my chapel, is lined on both sides with brothels, and the sidewalks crowded with foul prostitutes. There is an unblushing effrontery to vice here that would shock any one not accustomed to it, and surely it is enough to dishearten any minister to think that every sailor he invites to his church must run the gauntlet of all these foul birds of prey before he can reach the chapel door."

In Syria.

Rev. Mr. Hebard, Missionary at Beirut, says:

"I am more and more convinced of the importance of seamen to the cause of missions. They are a connecting link between Christians and the heathen, and, unless converted, will scatter firebrands, arrows, and death, upon the shores of every island and continent. Such has been their influence hitherto upon the heathen that much effort, on the part of the missionaries, is requisite to counteract their pernicious example and lewd practices. The work of converting the world will be greatly impeded, unless the character of seamen is radically changed. You might as soon think of cultivating a flower garden under the branches of the poisonous upas, as raise up plants of righteousness in the polluting and soul destroying atmosphere of seamen."

At Marseilles.

Rev. Mr. Mayers, Chaplain of this port, says:

"I cannot forbear referring again to the captains in general:—their conduct is a great stumbling block, doubtless, in the way of the seamen. Few are serious, the "many" walk the broad way—avowed unbelievers, and even such as are at home "professors," think, as many have admitted to me, that abroad, away from their families and parlors, they may take license and follow a multitude to do evil. I need scarcely tell you, how such conduct tells upon the crews, over whom they tyrannize so frequently."

At Havre.

Rev. Mr. Sawtell, in an elaborate exhibition of the abuses and degradation existing in American vessels, says:

"No gentleman from the United States, who has made himself at all acquainted with the unenviable notoriety of our sailors in such ports as Liverpool, London and Havre, if he has one spark of patriotism or national pride, will not feel that something ought to be done, and that speedily, to change the character of our seafaring men. He cannot but feel, that their present character is a national dis-

grace. He must, he does blush for his country as he walks the streets of these cities, and listens to the oaths and curses, and horrible imprecations—the bacchanalian songs and frightful howlings in the streets, and in their drunken orgies, and then is told sarcastically, “*These are your American sailors.*” Ah, there is here in Havre a terrible significance in those very words; they grate harshly upon the ear—they are frightful sounds—the very utterance of those two words, “*American sailors,*” makes the stoutest heart quail, and decent women and children shudder, and all move cautiously and warily, as if amid pit-falls. Yea, as if hovering around the very pit of hell.”

Mr. S. narrates a particular instance of maiming, as coming to his notice in the hospital, and records the English Surgeon who had care of it, as saying:

“O, your American sailors are terrible fellows, a constant terror to the police officers themselves, biting, tearing and devouring each other, like so many wild beasts, keeping me half of my time, mending and patching them up. Why don't you man your noble ships with a different and a better class of men? You Americans are justly proud of your ships, and proud of keeping them neat, and in fine trim—how does it happen then, that as a nation, you do not take more pride in the appearance and character of the men that work them?”

So thought I, but what could I say? What reply could I make? O, with what poignancy and bitterness of soul, do we have to take such humiliating and scathing interrogatories! How does the blush of shame crimson the cheek of every true American as he sees with his own eyes herds of these filthy, ragged, swearing rowdies emerging from the dark dens and brothels of the city, howling about the streets, a terror to all decent people, and then notice the curling lip of scorn and contempt, as the passing stranger is informed, that they are nothing more than “AMERICAN SAILORS” —a phrase expressive of the very essence of all that is degrading, loathsome, and frightfully wicked in man. What a blot, what a stigma upon our national character. Is there any cure? can there be found a remedy for this plague spot upon our national escutcheon?”

These extracts,—which might be multiplied to any extent,—are enough, and more than enough to show us what is the influence exerted, the world over, by wicked seamen. It is an influence which should make us blush for our country and our name. We would not indeed affix the stigma of such guilt upon our whole mercantile marine, for we know that nobler, and better men do not exist, than many who are attached to this service. Still, enough is undoubtedly true to awaken

in every patriot and Christian the utmost grief, and prompt to immediate and earnest effort for the improvement of our seamen. How long will it take to convert the world through the agency of missions, if the very shores on which christianity is struggling for a foothold, are to be thus deluged with crimes perpetrated by natives of Christian lands, upon which even the heathen look with horror?

GOOD ACCOMPLISHED BY SEAMEN.

We gladly turn to a more cheering view. Small as is the number, comparatively of pious sailors, and little as commerce has identified itself hitherto with the progress of religion, we can still point to an amount of good effected through this instrumentality, not only great in itself, but as showing most impressively what *may* be done by it, and what *will* be done when the “ships of Tarshish” shall wait for Zion.

VANCOUVER.

It is not known that this celebrated English navigator, was a religious man,—yet there is reason to believe that he was the instrument indirectly of the overthrow of idolatry in the Sandwich Islands, and the consequent preparation for the introduction of Christianity. Says Mr. Newcomb, (Cyc. of Miss.):

“Capt. Vancouver, who visited the Islands in 1792, '93 and '94, gave the king much good advice, as well as some valuable presents, and before leaving, is reported to have said to him: ‘There is a God above in heaven, and if you desire to worship him, when I return to England I will entreat his majesty to appoint for you a clergyman; and when he comes you must renounce your tabu system, which is false—there are no earthly deities.’ Kamehameha died May 8, 1819, a few months before the Missionaries sailed from Boston. * * He is said to have spoken to his chiefs during his last sickness of throwing off the restraints of tabu when he should recover. The testimony of foreigners residing at the islands had been often given against the system.”

His son, who succeeded him, and his favorite wife, with the concurrence of several of the chiefs, at length took de-

cided ground in favor of the change. Opposition was manifested by a portion of the chiefs,—a war ensued, in which the party of the idolaters was defeated, and the revolution was complete. "The Islands were without a religion, waiting for God's law."

PERSONAL EFFORTS.

It is a characteristic of sailors when converted, that they are prompt to engage in efforts for the conversion of others. Rarely is the light kindled in them, to be put under a bushel. In every method of Christian instrumentality, by example, and by direct labor, at the Bethel, the Home, on ship-board, and in the foreign port, there is an aggregate amount of good accomplished by them, surpassed by no others of the same number.

Many pious sailors have devoted themselves exclusively to the service of Christ as colporteurs, tract distributors, &c., and many have become ministers of the Gospel. In the winter of 1856-7, a common sailor, boarding at the Home in New York, labored assiduously among the seamen at that institution and elsewhere, and in a few months was instrumental in the hopeful conversion of nearly sixty souls.—Not a few of the most successful chaplains now preaching the Gospel in our own and foreign ports, were first brought to the knowledge of Christ upon the sea. One such, who came a few years ago into New York before the mast, and was converted here, returned subsequently to his native land, where he is now preaching the Gospel with great success, and has gathered more than a dozen evangelical churches, embracing several hundred members. At the Swedish Bethel in this city, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Hedstrom, himself a sailor, thirty missionaries have been raised up, who are laboring with their countrymen in this land, and three or four who have

returned to preach Christ in the fatherland.

TRACT AND BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

One of the most interesting methods by which good is accomplished through our seamen, is the distribution of evangelical books, particularly among Catholics. Under the auspices of the New York City Bible and Tract Societies, this work is now being prosecuted very extensively. The following particulars furnished by Mr. J. S. Pierson, Marine Agent of the N. Y. B. S., will afford some idea of its importance and success.

On emigrant ships.

About 250,000 emigrants annually come to this country from Europe. Large supplies of books are furnished to the vessels engaged in this business for distribution to the passengers during the voyage. One of the commanders of long experience, gives a graphic description of the work of distribution.

"Do you ask me whether Catholics will take your books in good faith and read them? I wish you could be present some pleasant Sunday morning, when I give them out, and see for yourself. I first look round among the passengers to find the right persons to help me; and that is easily ascertained, by noticing who are the ones that bring out their Bibles and Prayer-Books to read. At first, when the passengers gather around the package, the idea is that they are for sale. There is, consequently, a little shyness; but as the books are examined, purses are drawn out here and there, and the question is, 'How much money, Captain?' When I answer, 'Nothing; these books are sent to you by good people in America, your friends,' you ought to see the sensation, the expressions of wonder and delight, and the rush to get copies. It is hard work to make a decent distribution. That they should find, every man, something in his own language, surprises them. 'How is this, Capt.; are there Hollanders in America? Do the Americans speak German?' Then you will see them go forward with the prizes, and string themselves in groups along the sides of the vessel, and on the fore-castle, to read. And when they have been read, and re-read, and exchanged, those little books, believe me, are stowed away carefully in their chests, to be preserved as invaluable mementos of the kindness of friends whom they have never seen, the first kindly greeting from the land towards which were turned all their thoughts and expectations."

Another captain writes:

"The books and tracts have always been carefully distributed, (usually the first pleasant Sabbath,) and so far as I had opportunities of judging, have always been read and preserved. It was no uncommon sight to see from fifty to one hundred persons scattered about decks, and all attentively perusing whatever had been distributed among them. That they were carried away with them from the ship, is evidenced from the fact that in cleaning out the between decks, while many old books, both French and German, would be left behind, I do not remember to have found any of the societies' publications, with the exception of a few tracts. No doubt many are destroyed, but still I think that the larger part are carried away, and spread broadcast over the West.

"My profession are not remarkable for piety or veracity, yet I think that all promises to distribute are generally kept, and that the books and tracts reach those for whom they are intended, and are almost always read and preserved. The good which they may effect cannot be measured in time, but surely in the great harvest day, we shall know if it has been in vain that we thus cast our bread upon the waters. Is it not a hopeful sign thus to meet the stranger on the world's highway, and place in his hand the great Charter of human liberty? It may frequently be done, but I have never seen a sailor destroy or throw away a Bible."

The extent to which these distributions are carried, will be seen from the following table of emigrant ships supplied during the year ending Nov. 1857.

249 vessels bound to	Liverpool,
80 " "	London,
61 " "	Havre,
50 " "	Antwerp,
19 " "	Rotterdam,
97 " "	Bremen,
49 " "	Hamburg,
4 " "	Glasgow.

TOTAL, 609 VESSELS!

Foreign ships arriving in New York.

A sample of the distributions on board these ships is the following:

"Among the foreign shipping supplied this month is the Peruvian brig Julia, and the Chilian bark Centro America; also some eight Italian vessels. Upon these last, however, I have been able to do but little, most of them being from Naples or Sicily, where the Bible is still a prohibited book. Upon the bark —, from Palermo, I found an intelligent crew, generally desiring the Bible, but afraid to take it. The mate went through in lively pantomime with a description of the search to which each man would be subjected on the vessel's return—shirts, boots, coat-linings, &c., for

such revolutionary papers; and expressed with a few significant gestures what the result would be if any were discovered—fettors on the wrists, perhaps a rope around the neck, or a musket brought deliberately to a level. I made the best arrangement possible under the circumstances, by giving to a bright sailor, whom the crew put forward as their spokesman, an Italian New Testament with a set of tracts, for him to read aloud to the others on Sundays, as long as the voyage lasted; which plan was acquiesced in with a general expression of satisfaction. A copy of the Bible was bestowed in a similar manner, and cordially received by the captain of the Neapolitan brig —. As the voyage home is a long one, by way of Belfast and Constantinople, there will be some four or five months for the perusal of the volume, before it will be necessary to part with it; which can easily be done at the latter place.

"Rarely have I been more warmly welcomed than I was upon the Austrian bark —, from Trieste. There were but two of the crew on deck when I came on board. These had no sooner read fairly the title-page of the Italian Bible, than they ran forward for their money, shouting as they passed the hatchway to their comrades at work in the hold, '*Sacra Bibbia! Sacra Bibbia!*' This brought up all hands; and I was in a moment the centre of a group of swarthy faces, reading aloud, gesticulating and bargaining. Some were from Venice, and spoke proudly of the late revolutionary struggle there, in which they had taken part. They were mightily pleased with the shrewd little tract entitled, '*Why does your priest forbid you to read the Bible?*' My sales were seven Bibles and eight Testaments.

"On the Portuguese brig Enrica, from Lisbon, my sales were nineteen Portuguese Bibles; and on the bark Flor de Vez, of the same nation, I sold thirteen copies, of which five were lettered on the cover with the name of the purchasers, (all of the crew,) and intended for family Bibles at home. Also gave Testaments to three negroes on the Portuguese brig Honoria, from Duarte, on the Western coast of Africa.

"On my second visit to the Portuguese brig Mattos Terclero with Bibles—my first and preparatory visit having been with tracts—I was received most cordially by the crew; one man putting his arm about me, and patting on the back, as I stooped over my books, with an affectionate '*Bom homem!*' I sold four Portuguese Bibles, and gave to such as had not money to buy, eight Testaments.

"Had most encouraging success upon a Brazilian bark, of Rio, selling in three visits no less than eighty-eight Portuguese Bibles, and fifty Testaments. Almost each one of the crew bought one Bible, some two, and the black cook six copies. A passenger also purchased; and the captain and mate took several dozen copies between them. I had the pleasure, also, of forwarding to the American Tract Society orders for more than one hundred of their bound volumes in Portuguese."

The number of foreign vessels thus visited during the year, was 54.

Books sent to Catholic Ports.

No part of this work of distributing evangelical books, is more interesting than that which is done through the medium of vessels visiting foreign ports, especially in Papal lands.

"Of the reports I am constantly receiving of successful distributions at Roman Catholic ports, the following may serve as a sample: The Swedish mate of the schooner —, from a port in Cuba, says that an American cooper, who was passenger, took the Spanish supplies with him a hundred miles into the interior, and on his return stated that the greatest eagerness was manifest for them. On another vessel from Cuba, I learn that a Mr. F., a Spanish planter with an American wife, took thankfully most of the package, to carry up to distribute on his large sugar estate. On a brig from Cienfuegos, the mate speaks of a Spanish Testament in the cabin being read quite through by the custom-house officer in charge, before he left the vessel. On a Havana packet, the intelligent Portuguese steward informs me that the Spanish Bible he bought of me for a friend, he gave to a priest there, on his urgent solicitation made privately through a third party. From Captain B., of same vessel, I have received \$2 12, for Spanish Bibles sold at Havana. Captain J., of the Danish brig —, long interested in this work, calls at the depository to buy three Spanish Bibles for residents at Humacao, Porto Rico. From the late captain of the brig —, I hear of French Testaments and tracts gratefully received at the French penal settlement of Cayenne, on the Spanish main. On another vessel, I hear of distributions in Italian and French, at Messina in Sicily, at Brest, a naval station in France, and in Constantinople—all in one voyage."

"Captain S. of the bark —, says that on a recent voyage to a port on the south side of Cuba most of his Spanish supplies went into the interior. 'The people used to come down in the night for them,' he says. On another vessel, from Cuba, I hear of the captain's taking a trip to a town in the centre of the island and carrying the Spanish supplies with him. On passing another brig, also from the south side of Cuba, was hailed by the mate with, 'Oh, Mr. Pierson, I am so glad to see you! I have a long yarn to spin with you about those books you gave me to distribute last voyage. I never gave away any with so much satisfaction. I never saw such a demand for them. I gave a couple of Testaments to custom-house officers, and immediately I began to have calls for them from the shore. They came down like sheep! I boarded the other American vessels in port, and collected what I could find; but there was not half enough to supply all who wanted. Do see that an ample supply is sent by the next vessel going thither.' Captain L., of the bark —, from Matanzas, brings me \$1 75 for Bibles sold there last voyage. Says another captain: 'They are getting quite civilized out there by your books. I had to go up to your place and buy eight dollars' worth last voyage. Let me have a lettered Spanish

Bible for the cabin of my new vessel, and I will pay you for it.'"

"The following extract from a letter of a pious Swedish captain gives an account of the distribution, at a Spanish port, of supplies placed in his hands by myself in January:—

"I am astonished at the great hunger that is here shown after the Word of God, as also at the very great reverence and thankfulness with which the books and tracts have been received. Some of the people go back with presents of fruit; and one of them gave me an image of the Virgin Mary, to show me, as I suppose, that he was by no means without some religion. It is very hard, that scarcely two out of twenty of the working classes here can read. Many of the streets here, I am sorry to say, are occupied on both sides by lewd women, and one day I thought it best to make a missionary tour through these streets. So I took a large quantity of tracts with me to distribute among them. All were taken with deep interest by them; but as I am very little at home in the Spanish I could say but little to those unhappy creatures—only sow the seed of the Word of God. * * * I gave a Spanish Bible to one of the custom-house officers. When he saw what book it was he became indescribably happy, and, with thankfulness clasped his hands together, looked up to heaven, and praised God."

"Supplied the ship —, bound on a trading voyage to the Pacific ports of Central America. For three voyages now this vessel has done good service in conveying to those regions more than one hundred dollars worth of Spanish Scriptures and tracts. These the captain has taken in charge, selling or giving, as the opportunity presented, to the merchant with whom he had business, to the planter whom he was visiting at his farm far up among the mountains, to the village school in the interior, and sometimes to the village 'padre' himself."

"Was warmly greeted to-day by Captain C., of the bark Minnetonka, just returned from Madagascar and the East coast of Africa, and furnished by myself last year with a grant of Scriptures from the American Bible Society, for use in those remote regions. To quote his expression, 'every thing came in just right!' The French Bibles and tracts were given mostly on the coast of Madagascar, at the French trading stations; Portuguese Bibles, though not much in demand, were very acceptable gifts to a few Portuguese soldiers at Portuguese settlements on the African coast, near Mozambique and Zanzibar; and the Arabic Testaments were given to a number of Mussulman Hindoos from India, on the same coast."

January 18, 1858.—Captain of the packet brig —, running regularly to a small port in Brazil, where there are no agents or missionaries of any of our evangelical societies, and no Protestant preacher, calls at the office of the New York Bible Society with some \$25 received for Bibles sold there, last voyage, and with nine letters in Portuguese, ordering altogether 60 Portuguese Bibles, and 200 of the American Tract Society's Portuguese Spelling Books, an excellent volume of some 90 pages containing Scripture lessons, hymns,

catechism, &c. This is a specimen of the trade that has been going on for several years in a smaller degree between the Bible and Tract Societies in New York and some of these smaller ports on that coast, originating in the circulation, by captains, of tracts and Testaments there, and now settled into a steady demand. Every vessel that comes from that coast brings requests for Bibles and good books; and the field may be said to be white for the visit of the missionary and the Bible agent, mainly through the voluntary colportage of captains.

The scope of these distributions in foreign Roman Catholic ports, by our American vessels is shown by the number and position of the ports thus reached. Thus in the month of December, 1857, 101 vessels were supplied, bound to ports as follows:—

CUBA.	
Xibara,	Havana,
Matanzas,	Cienfuegos,
Cardenas,	Trinidad,
Sagua la Grande,	St. Jago.
Neuvitas,	
MARTINIQUE.	
St. Pierre.	
GAUDALOUPE.	
Point a Petre.	
PORTO RICO.	
St. Johns,	Humacao,
Arroyo,	Mayaguez.
Ponce,	
ST. DOMINGO.	
Jacmel,	Port au Prince,
Port au Platte,	Aux Cayes.
MEXICO.	
Tampico,	Vera Cruz.
San Juan de Nicaragua.	
VENEZUELA.	
Cuidad Bolivar,	Maracaibo.
Porto Cabello,	
BRAZIL.	
Bahia,	Rio Grande,
Pernambuco,	Rio de Janeiro.
BUENOS AYRES.	
Montevideo,	
IN THE PACIFIC.	
Callao,	Acapulco.
Valparaiso,	
RIVER CONGO ON S. WEST COAST OF AFRICA.	
CAPE DE VERDE ISLANDS.	
CANARY ISLANDS.	
IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.	
Marseilles,	Alicante,
Palermo,	Constantinople,
Cadiz,	Smyrna.

The following table will give a summary view of the number of vessels which have been employed in

these benevolent distributions during the last three years:—

	Foreign ves- sels in N. Y.	Emigrant ships.	Vessels to foreign ports.
1855	42	509	316
1856	42	508	397
1857	54	605	697
	136	1694	1410

The importance of the work thus performed cannot well be over estimated. If the influence of ungodly seamen is deplorable, we can point, on the other hand, to more than THREE THOUSAND VESSELS which in three years past have gone from a single port to engage, more or less, directly in the service of Christ. Eternity alone can disclose the blessed results of this service.

"Our object," says Mr. Pierson, "is not only to do good to the sailor, but to persuade him to use his unrivalled facilities for doing good to others. We wish to give him the *missionary spirit*, and to equip him suitably for his work. Much has been done in this direction, but to the eye of courageous Christian faith, it is only enough to show how much more can be done. Is it too much to hope for, that the time may come when almost every vessel sent forth by our Christian merchants, or accessible to outside preparation, will be, while it stays, a little center of light in every heathen or Roman Catholic port which it visits, doing something to spread abroad that light which we believe is, in God's own time, to cover the earth? And does it not seem proper, too, that the Christian mind of this city, which owes its importance and wealth to commerce, should busy itself specially with the problem, how that commerce may be sanctified to the spread of the Gospel abroad, at those points from which this wealth comes?" I P W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HONOLULU.

Letter from Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain.

WAIALUA, Island of Oahu,
Feb. 18, 1858.

Trip to Waialua, on Oahu—Mission station of Rev. J. S. Emerson—Farming district—Death of Capt. Meacham of her Britannic Majesty's steamer "Vixen"—"Morning Star"—Micronesia, &c.

Several months have elapsed since the readers of the Magazine have read any communications from the writer of "Letters from Polynesia." Some may have imagined that he was becoming indolent, and others that he had the good sense not to write unless he had something new to communicate or worthy of recording. The simple truth is, that I have sometimes thought the good people in the United States must have become thoroughly weary of reading missionary letters and facts relating to the seamen's cause, communicated by their numerous missionaries at the Sandwich Islands. This is, doubtless, a wrong conclusion on my part, for so long as Christians in America are willing to contribute for our support, they will naturally desire to learn respecting our progress, our joys, our sorrows, our trials and our efforts to promote the Redeemer's kingdom.

Suffice it then, that since my last letter to the Magazine, I have been engaged in my ordinary duties as a seamen's chaplain. These duties, at the Honolulu station are by no means of a nature to allow the chaplain (whoever he may be) much, if any leisure. However much he may desire a few days of relaxation, he will not feel like enjoying them, because he sees that his work is never done, and his duties never fully discharged. Two days ago I left Honolulu, feeling that necessity was laid upon me to rest.

Waialua is situated on the N. W. side of the island of Oahu, about thirty miles from Honolulu. The ride is most invigorating, over the broad plains. I started in company with my oldest son and a young gentleman lately arriving at the islands, a son of Mr. Sleeper, late Editor of the Boston

Mercantile Journal, but now Mayor of the City of Roxbury, Mass. We left about 9 A.M., and reached the mission house of the Rev. J. S. Emerson, at Waialua, between 5 and 6 P.M., stopping to rest our horses and ourselves on the way, for an hour or two, at a farm-house, where we procured a most refreshing draught of fresh milk. Carts, and occasionally a carriage, pass over the road from Honolulu to Waialua, but for the most part pedestrians and equestrians are met upon the road. A ride in the cars or stage coach may suit the readers of the Magazine, but give me a good horse and a good saddle, with even a tolerably passable road, and I am quite satisfied. In Honolulu, and to a distance of four or five miles out of the city, the roads are good, and carriages of various kinds frequently seen, but never in the country. Ox-carts (of Yankee pattern) are seen in the country. Many of the Hawaiians are now owners of a cart, a plough, a harrow and other farming implements. The Rev. Mr. Emerson has taken great pains to introduce farming tools among his people. This district is well suited to raise corn and beans, besides such crops as are peculiarly Hawaiian, such as kalo, sugar cane and bananas. It is also a fine grazing district. Several fine herds of cattle and flocks of sheep have become domesticated in the region. Butter of an excellent quality is made for the Honolulu market, while the natives raise a great many fowls, turkies, eggs, &c., for the same market. Several foreigners have settled in this district or region, and eventually, I have no doubt, that many more will locate in the vicinity.

This mission station was first occupied by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, who are still spared to labor, where they commenced their missionary work in 1832, or twenty-six years ago. Here their lives have been spent, with the exception of four years, (from 1842 to 1846,) while they were engaged as teachers at Lahainaluna

Seminary, in Maui. They have had eight children, six of whom are now living. They have four sons at Oahu College. Their eldest son has a store near his father's residence. The youngest child, a daughter, is with her parents. As I am now writing, I can overhear Mrs. E. instructing that daughter in spelling, as she has instructed all of her children. The world has read and heard much about missionaries, and perhaps not more than it should, but the missionary's wife is a personage whose sphere is less conspicuous than that of her partner, but not less important. I scarcely dare to allow my pen to describe my views of the toils and efforts of the missionary's wife. I have witnessed them at various remote stations on these islands. The wives of the Sandwich Island Missionaries are a company worthy of New England origin. They have made comfortable homes for their husbands and children—just such homes as are the glory of America—Christian homes—such spots as are the true ornaments of a Christian people. If there are any types of heaven to be found among the habitations of men, those types are Christian families, where the Bible, the family altar, the school book, the moral and religious newspaper, are to be seen; where industry, truth, virtue, integrity and intelligence characterize the inmates of the domestic circle. In coming years it will appear more and more manifest that from the various family circles of the Missionaries in these islands, have gone forth influences highly beneficial and civilizing, and most christianizing. Up to the present time, the Sandwich Islands Missionaries have been peculiarly fortunate in being permitted to witness their children coming forward to take a right stand in life. The opposite examples are exceedingly rare. This fact, in my own estimation, reflects great credit upon the training and home influences exercised over these children and youth by their parents. This is a subject worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received. The Home and the Pulpit are both most potent centers of influence; which is the greatest, is no easy question for settlement.

HONOLULU, Saturday Feb. 20.

I returned home yesterday afternoon, arriving in the city just in season to officiate at the funeral of Capt. Meacham, commander of H. B. M. steamer, "Vixen," now lying in our harbor. His death was very sudden, as he had not been sick only three days. He was quite young, and an officer of much promise in the Royal Navy. Three years had been spent by him in the Arctic regions searching for Sir John Franklin. His funeral was largely attended by officers of the Hawaiian government and citizens of Honolulu. His remains were interred in the British Lot in Nuuanu Valley Cemetery. By the last mail Captain Meacham had heard of the death of a brother, who was killed at the storming of Delhi.

The "Morning Star" is now in port, preparing for her second cruise to Marquesas. Her first trip to Micronesia has been remarkably successful and expeditious, as she returned at least a month earlier than was expected. She has been absent a few days less than six months. During her absence she has visited the following islands:

Arrived at Strong's Island Sept. and left on the 15th for Ascension, touching at Duperry's. Arrived at Ascension Sept. 23, and there remained 24 days, visiting the different harbors. Left on the 17th, bringing away the wife of Dr. Gulick and children, together with the Rev. Mr. Doane and family. Touching at Duperry's and Mr. Askill's, and reaching Strong's Island the 28th of October, she proceeded to Covell's, or Boston Island, the most southern of the Rallick group, lying N. lat. 4° 34', E. long. 168° 45'—there it was determined to establish a new mission station. She then proceeded to Apian, (or Apia or Charlotte's,) where another station was taken, at which the Rev. H. Bingham is located. Remaining a few days at Apian, until a house was fitted up for Mr. Bingham, she then returned to Covell's Island to locate Messrs. Doane and Pierson, with their families. Although reports have been unfavorable in regard to the natives of Covell's Island, representing them fierce and treacherous, yet they were found

mild, and extremely desirous of having missionaries located among them.

While passing through the Ralick group a new island was discovered, not found as laid down upon any chart. It was less than two miles in circumference, and contained twenty three inhabitants. Its position was N. lat. $8^{\circ} 15'$, E. long. $167^{\circ} 28'$.

Micronesia opens a fine field for missionary enterprise, and the "M. Star" is just the vessel to prosecute the enterprise. I am most happy to report Capt. Moore as a commander well suited to the undertaking. A few evenings since I listened to the reading of a long report which he had prepared for transmission to the Missionary Rooms, in Boston. It was able and satisfactory. That part of the Pacific has never been fully explored, and I am confidently expecting that in the way of discovery and survey, the little "M. Star" will eclipse many a government vessel, sent out at immense expense for the purpose of exploration.

During the late trip of this vessel,

the fact has been made manifest as noon-day, that the dark-minded inhabitants of Polynesia are quick to distinguish between those who traverse the ocean burning with *lust*, and those who go to preach among them the gospel. Hereafter, when the report is spread abroad that a trading vessel has been seized and the crew cut off, for the credit of white men concerned, *an inquiry had better never be instituted, why was it done? or what was the cause?* I blush for humanity when facts are told us respecting the doings of men from professedly Christian lands. I hope those traversing the ocean will fully understand this fact, that the world is very differently constituted from what it was a few years ago. It now has no dark corners! The light of public opinion may now be brought to bear upon the remotest spots upon the globe! News from the remotest parts of the Pacific may, in a few days, be published in the newspapers of London and New York. Most truly yours,

S. C. D.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

REMINISCENCES OF SAILORS.

JACK ASHORE AFTER A THREE YEARS' CRUISE.

The "troubled sea," which he gladly leaves for a season, is not more restless than Jack when he arrives in port after a long voyage. He comes on shore with the best of resolutions, and many select Sailor's Homes and Temperance Boarding-houses, satisfied that there only they are safe. They do not realize that their own unaided strength is perfect weakness, and suppose themselves strongly armed with a thousand good resolutions, which they have honestly made in their times of reflection upon their own unhappy experience in former voyages, when an entire three years' wages were found gone, as they awoke from a debauch of a

short week on shore. Now they will go to a Sailor's Home and give Water Street a wide berth!

Booked and moored—furnished with a good suit of shore clothes from beaver to high-heeled boots, every article being carefully selected, and the prices to be paid for them all right—he now wants about fifteen or twenty dollars to go up into *Broadway*, and stand clear of Water Street entirely. Off he goes with two or three of his ship-mates, whom he calls *chums*, in search of pleasure, and to see the sights. Soon he finds his boots begin to pinch his feet, and mutual complaints to each other end in a mutual agreement to step into a fashionable saloon for a drink among gentlemen, where they can imbibe without injury, as their boots hurt them so. The landlord soon discovers who they are, for Jack

might as well try to pass for a Senator as to pass for any thing more than he is—a shell-back. Jack in his boots is detected, as soon as he would be in his roundabout and pumps.

After the first glass, (and this when they started, they purposed not to drink,) they become as amiable as the landlord himself, of whom they were shy at first—and you soon hear them say to him, "Come old fellow, give us another lot of that O-be-joyful of yours, made and distilled for gentlemen like us." After taking three glasses a piece, they set sail for the *Broadway*, and bring up at the Park, where a coach is chartered for a ride—where, or to what place is altogether immaterial, so that the driver does not carry them off soundings. But whip understands his customers, and most gladly humors them in all their extravagance; reigning up where he thinks Jack will be most pleased, and spinning out a ten dollar drive between restaurants and saloons, resting his horses, and exhibiting poor Jack, until alas! the latter finds himself about as drunk as he ever was in Water Street, with boots under his arm, dancing or reeling a jig in his stocking feet, in one of the lowest stews to be found on the Hook.

The next morning finds poor Jack in a horrible state, both outwardly and inwardly; and he that went forth in a frock coat and new beaver and boots, comes back in slippers and a monkey jacket, with a sorrowful looking beaver, and still more sorrowful looking visage, unable to give any account of his voyage, his money or his clothes, except that what is not gone is about spoiled, and he more than ever feels fortunate that he can make a safe harbor among his friends, though ashamed to face them, after he has found his boasted power of resisting evil has turned out precisely as he was forewarned by his more prudent shipmates and by his true friend with whom he has taken board. It is yet ten days before he will be paid off and obtain his discharge from his ship, and (except in rare instances,) he cries, "I will seek it yet again," returning to his vomit again, and to his wallowing in the mire. Poor fellows! These are the men who need our

sympathy and our prayers, as well as our untiring labor to snatch them as brands from the burning.

In ourselves we can do nothing—but through Christ who worketh in us, and often in them, we are led to magnify the power of that grace that taketh man "from the dunghill, and setteth him among princes, even among the princes of his people." Let it be known, to the praise of the grace of God, that He stoopeth to rescue even such as these,—as many can witness who have from the lowest depths of sin been awakened, alarmed, aroused, and convicted by his Holy Spirit, and led to cry, "Jesus save me, I perish;" and now give to every man that asketh, a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear. The grain of mustard seed has taken root, and it may be said of him who was once a blasphemous and injurious—"Behold he prayeth!"

R. G.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

A NEW NOTION AGAINST THE SAILOR.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Well, well, I heard a few days since still another reason for the neglecting of sailors—a reason why they must be left to go to ruin—no salvation for them—poor, poor fellows. Commerce is the glory of the nations. Commerce, the channel of communication for the world. Commerce, one of the great sources of life and physical comfort, but they who carry it on must be left to go to eternal ruin.

The notion was this: "God saves by the preaching of the Word—the ministry is ordained of God for the salvation of men. Sailors are afloat, and therefore, are not brought under the influence of the ministry."

True, our Father in Heaven is pleased to save men "by the foolishness of preaching"—by the power of the Holy Ghost accompanying the truth. But I would like to know whether the Spirit can not make use of that truth when a man is far away from the church and means of grace? Where was John Newton convicted and converted? On the sea. But this point is so self-evident I will not argue it.

Again, I would like to ask, supposing, in order to salvation, a man *must* be brought under the preached word, *how often must he be preached to?* How many sermons did the Pentecostal converts hear?

But enough. The same word which is to be preached, says, "The abundance of the sea shall be converted to the Lord." I would like to know what this reasoner (?) makes of that.

Is it not wonderful how many dog-ges men make to try to get rid of their responsibility concerning those who go down to the sea.

I am happy to inform you that a daily prayer meeting is now held from 12 to 1, in the Mariner's Church, Water-street, above Walnut, well attended by all classes, and very interesting; at which sailors and all classes are prayed for, and in the exercises of which sailors and all classes participate. Behold one of the signs of the times. Many are anxious, some rejoicing. Pray, pray for us.

J. B. R.

Phila., March 24, 1858.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

INCIDENTS OF TRACT DISTRIBUTION AMONG SEAMEN.

From Journal of Rev. J. Harris.

"TALKS JUST LIKE MY MOTHER."

A tract was given to an aged sailor. He thanked me, and said: "You gave me one a few days ago, I did not think there was such a book in the world. It was just as my poor old mother talked to me. I am sure that the man that made that book, must have talked with my mother."—"What was it?" said I. "It was 'A dying mother's counsel to an only son.' I was an only son—how could he have known it, if he had not seen her?" "Is your mother dead?" I asked. "Ah! yes,—do you think Sir, that my dear mother knows that I repented and prayed all last week? Yesterday I felt a peace that I never knew before. I know that Jesus is a prayer-hearing God and Saviour."—This was but a part of our conversation; but I felt encouraged to think that he would see his mother again in a better world.

THE SWEARER'S PRAYER.

A poor blind woman was crossing Varick Street, using much care and anxiety, so much so, as to draw the attention of several persons, and among the rest, a respectable looking young man, to whom I said, "what do you think sir, of those persons who frequently call upon God to *d—their eyes*. You see here something of what they ask God to do." "Shocking indeed, sir, shocking indeed. Yet I've often done it." I replied, "I am sorry to hear you say so, sir." "I will forever abandon it, depend upon it, sir. I can't think how it was that you should ask me such a question just at that moment." "Perhaps it was God's plan, whereby in his mercy, as a warning to you, he should enable me to speak a word in season to you. Here is a tract, 'The Swearer's Prayer,' please to read it." "Depend upon it, I will; I shall never forget this incident as long as I live. This tract will show you the way to *escape* his wrath, not to *pray* for it. This of his mercy in giving you a sight of this woman, and moving me to speak to you, for you must be aware that I had no knowledge of you or your habit of swearing." "It must be so. I thank you. O, I do thank you." And he went his way, reading the tract as he went. He looked like a sailor.

"TRACTS MAKE BETTER SAILORS."

As I was giving some tracts to the crew of the ——— the Captain came on board and thanked me politely, saying, "I am a great hand for tracts myself, for I am a witness of much good done by them. Tracts make our sailors better men, sir. I well remember the time when we had to get our crews on board in a wheel-barrow, drunk, of course, and then lie out in the stream for them to get sober; but it is not so now. Wherever we go the people enquire for just such reading; it suits them better than books, but they will want them by and by. I always give them all away, expecting to get another supply when I come back."

"GOD'S JIGGERS."

On board the steamer ———, as I handed the tracts one man said, "I don't doubt that you wish to do us

good, and such reading suits us very well. I don't know how *you* would say what I mean, but the only way I can tell you is that it acts just like a *jigger*, it hauls us up to read the tracts when perhaps we should not, but I suppose you don't know what I mean." "Yes friend, I do. You clap a small rope on to a large one, so as to get a purchase on it." "Aye, aye, sir, that's just it. Have'nt you been to sea?" "Yes fifty-three years ago, I was a sailor, and as wicked as the devil could make me, and worse too." "Worse than that," he exclaimed, "can that be possible?" I answered, "I assure you, my friend, there are thousands of men who do that which Satan never did." "What can you mean?" "I mean that Satan never had gospel grace offered to him, but you, and I, and thousands have, and refused it. God in a thousand ways has clapped his *jiggers* upon us, and we have broken away from them. We would not be drawn by the (cords) *jiggers* of his love, *jiggers* of his preservation, *jiggers* of his protection, of conscience, and an endless variety of ways; these have been clapped on us to draw us to Jesus as the only way of salvation. We have refused and despised them. My dear friend, the devil knows there is a hell and *so do you*. If the same grace was offered him he would gladly leave hell for heaven—but strange—very strange, sinners refuse heaven and rush on to hell. God grant that I may be his *jigger* to draw you to him." "I had a praying mother, sir." "I am glad of it, and your recollection of her and her prayers shows, that that *jigger* is not wholly broken, some strands of it yet hold you. Then go to your mother's prayer-hearing God and he will give you rest." "I will, I will, do pray for me," and he rushed below in tears.

"DENNIS AND THE PRIEST."

"On board the ——-steamship, I gave a man two bundles of tracts. "I thank you sir, but what is it?" "If you will just read the outside my friend, you will see." "Och, I hope you've put some tracts in here sir." Perceiving his brogue I was much surprised, and said I had. "Well,

don't you see—wait till I tell you—among some tracts in just such a bundle as this, there was one, and right on the top of it was 'Dennis and the Priest.' Sure, thought I, I'll show the priest this, it'll be nuts for him. So I did, but he said, 'Poh, poh, don't read such stuff, be a good Catholic.' 'Well, your rivrence, I shall like you to explain it to me, for I've read it, and I don't think it's stuff as your rivrence calls it.' 'Well, well, said he, I'll tell you all about it,' and got angry, and that explained nothing, sure. So after he had talked a while, and said nothing about the tract, but to give it bad names, I said, how do you know it's so bad and you not read it? 'O the devil may read it, and know all about it for me.' That's truth for your rivrence any how, he does, I believe, know all about it, for I think he reads tracts. Your rivrence can't know any thing about them for you never read them that you may explain them to me. 'Well, well, come, I'll see what its all about.' So he read some of it, and I could see he was bothered, and at last he opened the door, and told me to go about my business. Good morning your rivrence, said I, you're the last priest I shall ever bother, depend upon it. I shall go to Him in future who never opened a door to turn poor sinners out, but opened the door for all to come in, and that without money and without price. I spoke so that he could understand me well enough, and I hope there is some more about 'Dennis and the Priest,' just to bother some more of them."

SHAKSPEARE BETTER THAN THE BIBLE.

On board the ——- I went with tracts, which were thankfully received. One man, slightly in liquor, shouted, "I don't believe the Bible." "That is evident my friend, nor fear God either, I see." "Yes I do," he replied. "Then he has said that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God, but you don't believe the Bible, and I don't see how you are going to get there, you seem to be a man who has read a good deal." "Yes, you are right, I have read a good deal, I have read all Shakspeare's plays." "And very little of the Bible, I suppose."

"Well, that's a fact." "Now my friend, as you are (in mind) somewhat like the unjust judge who feared not God, nor regarded man, let me tell you, as you don't believe the Bible, what Shakspeare says: 'What a fool that man is, that puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.'" I could say no more, for the laugh rang so loud around us, and perhaps it was the best application, for he appeared to be completely silenced. I gave him two tracts on the Bible. We had a long talk together; they heard me kindly, and I believe, thankfully. When I left, my Shakspearean friend came up to me, and before them all, acknowledged his folly, and said, "I'm wrong, shipmates, and I do hope I shall never forget what we have all heard." Then turning to me, he said, "I thank you sir, I will read my long neglected Bible." As I went away, several "God bless you's" fell on my ear, from lips too often opened by an oath.

EAGERNESS FOR TRACTS.

"Avast! avast, my good sir," cries out a sailor, as I was giving some tracts to a man. The shouter ran after me as fast as he could, saying, "O sir, do be so good as to give me one of those parcels of reading. I know you, and I know what they are; they do us good. If I had some money, I would

give you some, I'm sure." "I'll not take your money friend, I'll not ask a poor sailor for one cent. I serve a Captain who has commanded 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' But let me ask you, what you know about them?" "Why, the last ship that I was on board of, the crew had quite a stiff breeze about them. One wanted them for his grandmother, another must have one for his sister, and another now recollected his mother. In fact sir, relations sprung up like mushrooms; a good many that we never heard of before. At last we agreed to make up the reading into small bundles, and divide them equally. Some could not read, so those that could, read aloud to the rest. We had very little swearing all the way to California. I am sure if we had had a parson among us, we should have had a prayer meeting. We did not have a quarrel among us the whole voyage." "Could you not get up a prayer meeting among yourselves?" "I suppose we could, but none of us liked to begin. I often wished I knew how to pray, for I felt like it very often." The spirit of prayer was explained to him, and much interesting conversation ensued. I felt convinced that this man would gladly see Jesus—I pointed him to the cross.

THE CABIN BOY.

REPORT OF A FISHY CONVENTION.

All the marine monsters, big fish and small fry of the great deep lately met in convention, to take into consideration the conduct of the Ocean, and also of Mankind in general. The Whale was elected president, and from his greatness might be termed the *Prince of Whales*.

He opened the convention by stating that he did not wish to make a speech; he would take up as little room and be no longer than possible. (Cheers.)

The Shark whispered to the Swordfish that it was impossible for the

Whale to be much longer, for he was eighty feet now; in his opinion, he only wanted a chance to *spout*, and he considered him a regular *old blower*.

The Whale contended that, notwithstanding his general size he was not exempt from suffering. He had been grossly insulted by man—he would say *lampooned*, not that he would pun upon the use made of his fat, as he did not wish to make *light* of such a *matter*. He had been *harpooned* at least. Men were sarcastic towards him, and their shafts were *sharp* and *pointed*. Some of his fellow whales had been very much *cut*

up and exceedingly *tried*. He had lately learned that a substitute for oil had been invented, which might lessen the persecution of whales, but he feared it was all *gas*. The Whale alluded to a harpoon which had lately hit him—it had made a great impression on him, and he feared had affected him *deeply*. (Great sensation.) Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down (on the shark) amid a general *blubber*.

The Shark rose with some difficulty, and remarked that the *tail* of the whale had moved him; in fact it was very *striking*. His own situation was far from pleasant. He was, by profession, a *lawyer*, and he flattered himself one of the *deep* kind. (Cheers and laughter.) But business was bad, and he had been obliged to *take in* a few pupils. He had lately presented a fine *opening* for a young man who fell overboard, but was soon afterwards obliged to reject his *suit* as indigestible. Unless he had more cases he should leave the law, and *open* as a dentist, as he was well acquainted with the art of *setting teeth*. He held up one fin as a signal that he had finished.

The Sea Serpent did not wish to intrude upon the convention, as he did not know whether he properly belonged to the fish tribe. All he asked was to be classified with the Eel, whom he considered a *slippery* character. (Here the Eel was observed to wriggle.) Lately he was passing a certain species of the Eel, when he just happened to touch him; he had been so *shocked* that he had hardly recovered.

The Eel hastily arose and said he was *electrified* at these remarks; it was evident that the Serpent was more than *half seas* over, and if he was not careful would get himself into a regular *coil*. As for his being a "slippery character," he thanked Neptune he did not belong to such a *scaly* set as the Serpent. The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale a confounded old *swell head*, and was then summarily put out of the convention.

The Turtle was suffering from a slight indisposition. He was walking ashore, a short time since, when he met a party of jolly young sailors.

The result was that he was laid *flat on his back*, and was unable to move for some time, and since he had not felt as lively as usual. There was one thing to which he would call the attention of the convention. He prided himself on the purity of his political principles; he was the *alderman's* best friend. The Shark had lately insulted him by calling him a regular old *hard shell*. (Here the Shark interrupted him by asking if that was not his *case*?) The Turtle replied that he should say nothing more at present, but should have something to *lay* before the next meeting. The Shark, (contemptuously) "yes, a few eggs, probably."

The Porpoise did not exactly understand the purpose of the convention, nor whether all the members were present. The Secretary called the *roll*. The Whale called him to order, and was sorry to see him *reeling about* in that disgraceful condition. His motion was quite out of order, and he appeared to be attempting to get up a *revolution*. The Porpoise assured the convention that his movements proceeded entirely from the motion of the waves, but still he should waive his motion. He then took a back seat, amid cries of "*you'r a blower*."

The President remarked that he should be happy to hear from some of the small *fry*, the oyster, lobster, and others—who, if not the "bone and sinew" of the tribe, were at least the *muscles*. The Oyster proceeded to open his *case*, which was a *hard* one. He was continually in trouble, and always in some *stew* or *broil*. He had family troubles, also; his half brother, the Clam, was a disgrace to the family, always in *liquor*, and generally considered a "*squirt*." Some of his family were very lazy, and spent most of their time in *beds*. There had also been some *rakes* among them, creating a great disturbance. He was most respectable himself; his father was quite distinguished, and his maternal ancestor was *Mother of Pearl*. There was one of his neighbors—he would not call names—who was very surly and *crabbed*; he was a *one-sided* individual, and no one approved of his motions.

The Crab protested against this

abuse, and said that the rest took advantage of him because he was a "soft." He respectfully retired *backwards*.

Here the Codfish entered and apologized for his lateness, as he had been visiting a *school*. He thought the Whale was badly off, since men took his oil to make lights of. His own case was the reverse of this: they took his *lights*—and *liver*, too, for that matter—to make oil of. This might be very good for *consumption*, but it was confounded bad for him. The most alarming kind he had ever heard of was the consumption of codfish. It might be very good fun for men to cut him open and salt him, but to *hang him up* afterwards was rather too bad a joke.

The Herring said there had been a disposition manifested to play tricks of this kind in his *school*, and that lately some of his companions had been badly *smoked*.

The Shad, too, in his spring migrations up the rivers, had been greatly persecuted, particularly by the members of the legislature. Men had greatly nettled him, and had nearly driven him *in-sane*. He was a superstitious fish, and a most unlucky day to him was *Fryday*. However, he thought his enemies had suffered

somewhat in the warfare, and found his tail a regular *bony-part*.

The Salmon, also, had his troubles. He was an aristocrat—(here there was a general turning up of noses, and some tittering,)—not of the *codfish* kind neither; and did not associate with the small fry. He spent most of his time in traveling, and in summer went up to the inland rivers, and took his family to the *springs* and the *falls*. His family had been waylaid by a party of infamous kidnappers, and some of his children had been *hooked*. Here there was a regular row among the small fry. The Trout considered the story of the Salmon all gammon, and got up for effect.

The Flying Fish *flew* into a tremendous passion, and appealed to the Blackfish, who modestly thanked Neptune that though his back was black his *belly* was *white*. Just then there was a great disturbance also, among sundry others of the small fry, who had evidently been *drinking*.

There was a lot of suckers who were much *inebriated*, and one small fish sung at the top of his gills that he was "a jolly old *sole*," and the convention, like many of our political meetings, broke up in a general row; therefore it is presumed everything will go on as if nothing had happened.

MISCELLANY.

HOW A LEAKING SHIP MAY BE SAVED.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine copies from a Boston paper an article with the above caption, which it gives "for what it is worth." A slaver while chased by an English frigate sprang a leak—

"All hands were employed in pumping and bailing, but the leak gained fast on them, despite their utmost efforts, and destruction or capture stared them in the face. At this juncture the captain bethought him of the syphon, and a large one was immediately prepared. A hole was cut through the stern of the Three Friends just above the level of the water outside; the syphon inserted; the air exhausted by means of a punping apparatus fixed in the outer orifice, and capable of being instantly withdrawn; and the water from the inside of the vessel started through

the syphon. The experiment was completely successful, the syphon discharging the water as fast as it leaked in the vessel. For twelve successive days, during which time the chase was maintained, the syphon was in successful operation, until the Three Friends arrived safely in Bahia.

How is this? We have supposed that the *syphon* can act only as the discharging leg is longer than the other; the point of discharge being at a lower level than the fluid to be withdrawn. In case of a leak, the water within will be lower than the surface of the sea and continue so till the vessel is full, when she will sink. How then can a syphon draw water from the lower level within, to discharge at the higher one without?

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

In the last number of the "SAILOR'S MAGAZINE," an interesting notice upon the subject of a Funeral at Sea attracted my attention. Will you please publish the following beautiful lines upon the same subject, the author of which I do not know.

Your's truly,

M. D. R.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

"The ship's bell toll'd, and slowly to the deck
Came forth the summoned crew. Bold, hardy men,
Far from their native skies, stood silent there,
With melancholy brows. From the low clouds
That o'er the horizon hever'd, came a sound
Of distant muttering thunder. Broken waves
Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the expanse
Of ocean, which in brooding stillness lay
Like some vindictive king, who meditates
On hoarded wrongs, and wakes the wrathful war.
The ship's bell toll'd! And lo! a youthful form,
Which oft had dared the high and slippery shrouds.
At midnight watch, was as a burden laid
Down at his comrade's feet. Mournful they gazed
Upon his noble brow, and some there were
Who in that bitter hour remember'd well
The parting blessing of his hoary sire,
And the fond tear that o'er his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when her son's happy voice
Bade them farewell.—But one who nearest stood
To that pale, shrouded corpse, remember'd more;
Of a white cottage, with its shaven lawn,
And blossom'd hedge, and of a fair-hair'd girl,
Who, at her porch of creeping woodbine, watch'd
His last, far steps, and then coursed back to weep.
And close, that faithful comrade in his breast
Hid a bright chesnut lock, which the dead youth
Had severed, with cold and trembling hands,
In life's extremity, and bade him bear
To his sweet Mary. Now that chosen friend
Bow'd his low sun-burnt face, and, like a child,
Sobbed in his sorrow. But there came a tone
Clear as the breaking moon o'er the stormy seas—
"I AM THE RESURRECTION!"

Every heart
Suppressed its grief, and every eye was raised.
There stood the chaplain; his uncovered brow
Pure from all earthly passions, while his voice
Rich as the balm from plants of paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men. It was a holy hour.
There lay the wreck of youthful beauty—here
Stood mourning manhood,—while supporting faith
Cast her strong anchor where no morning surge
Might threaten, and no mortal woe invade.
There was a plunge! The parting sea complained!
Death to his briny bosom took his own.

The troubled fountains of the deep lift up
 Their subterranean portals, and he went down,—
 Down to the floor of the ocean, 'mid the beds
 Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul
 'Mid all the funeral pomp, the measured dirge,
 And monumental grandeur, with which earth
 Indulgeth her dead sons, was nought so sad,
 Sublime, or sorrowful, as the wild sea
 Opening her mouth, to whelm that sailor youth."

NEW-YORK, MAY, 1858.

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

If there be joy in heaven when *one* sinner repenteth, how great must be the rejoicings of that upper world over the thousands who in this day of refreshing are turning to the Lord! Never before, probably, in the entire history of our country has it been overshadowed by a cloud of mercy so extensive, or that poured forth so copiously upon all classes of men the precious showers of divine grace.

In this work of God's Spirit our seamen, equally perhaps with any other class, participate. We compile, chiefly from the N. Y. Tribune, the incidents which have taken place in connection with it.

At Burton's Theater, a gentleman mentioned that a captain who had just arrived from sea had informed him that he had spoken five ships, and each reported that a prayer meeting was held daily at noon.

Prayer meetings are held on board of vessels in the bays, and even the fishing smacks are converted daily into Bethels, in which praise and prayer are offered to Him whose presence is upon the great deep as well as on the dry land.

Rev. H. W. Beecher relates an instance of the conversion of a sea captain a few days ago, from "a word

fity spoken," by a man who had business relations with him. The word led him to go to prayer-meeting, where he was so much affected that he went home, locked his door, got down on his knees, and did not rise until he had evidence that God had pardoned his sins. That single word saved that man, and who could tell where the end would be when that Christian captain should have preached the Gospel of Christ around the globe!

A young man said he was walking up West street, a day or two since, when he saw a sailor sitting on the steps of a store, who, as he looked at him, sprang up and grasped his hand, when he found it was an old school-fellow from Connecticut. After some conversation, he asked his newly-found sailor friend if he was a Christian, and the answer had struck him as very forcible; it was: "By God's grace, I am."

That young man was the only Christian on board the ship, and he was now on the sea, the only servant of Christ among so many who were, perhaps, sending up blasphemies instead of prayers, and he hoped the brethren would remember him in their prayers, that he might be kept, and enabled to preach Christ wherever he went.

Capt. J., at the Seamen's Retreat, Staten Island, feeling wretched, applied to the Doctor for relief, saying that it was mental agony he was suffering. The Doctor at once directed him to Christ by simple faith. He caught the idea instantly, and at once in its application he was made happy. Now, he says he has found what he has wanted for years past. An intelligent young man was for years in the British naval service. A pious first lieutenant often assembled the crew for reading the Scriptures and prayer. He was awakened, and here, at the Retreat, has been consummated the work of his conversion. Hardened drunkards have found the Saviour. One, P—, now lies near death, peacefully reposing in Christ. Another, A—, a confirmed sot, is now in his right mind and rejoicing in God. Great seriousness rests upon nearly all. The medical staff are all now either professors of religion or seeking an interest in Christ.

At Rockaway, L. I., the revival which has been for some time in progress, has had such an influence upon the community, that there are not more than half-a-dozen adult persons in the place who have not become members of churches. Among those who have been recently converted are three hundred fishermen.

A similar work has been in progress at Mamaroneck, Westchester County. In the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hollis, one hundred and thirty persons have been received on probation within a few months past. One of the recent converts a fisherman, said at a meeting, "When we used to go down to the creek to fish, we used to curse and use all sorts of profane language; but now we go out in our boats singing, and songs of praise are wafted from one boat to another."

The captain of one of our ocean steamers (who was one of the number immersed last month), a few years ago, when about to start to sea in a new steamer, crossed the East River with seven or eight merchants, and went with them to a house of entertainment, where they had a jovial dinner together. A day or two ago he met with several of them and found each to be a converted man. They immediately hunted up the rest, and it was found that all were believers in Jesus. They retired together to a room belonging to a mercantile house, and spent a season in prayer and thanksgiving in view of the occurrence.

One of the first persons converted in the Shiloh Colored Church N. Y. was a sailor, who was greatly addicted to gambling, and to other vices, that usually accompany this. When he came to the meeting he had just left the gaming table; but when he returned, his first act was to consign his cards and dice to the flames. He then knelt down, prayed, and was converted. He is now at sea, sailing with a pious captain, and on board the ship daily prayer-meetings are held both in the cabin and the forecstle.

We have been favored with a letter recently from *Deer Isle, Maine*, addressed by Capt. H., to Mr. Gardner, of the Mariners' Church, testifying to his own recent conversion, and narrating the wonderful work of grace in progress at that place:

"I must tell you what a great work God has done in this place within the past two months. Our new church was finished and dedicated to Almighty God, the 19th of January last, since when he has blessed us with his Holy Spirit. There have been over one hundred souls converted to God within that time, and most of them are sea-going men and boys. He has called all classes, from seven years old

to seventy-three, those that have passed the allotted age of man.

"I notice a piece in the *Sailor's Magazine*, of March number, in regard to sea captains and officers, how many there are (religious men) sailing from ports in the United States. I will say that *twenty-three* captains have given good evidence that they have come over on the Lord's side here of late. Of mates and seamen I have no account. I am in hopes of getting at the number soon and sending it to New York, that you may know what the Lord is doing "*down east.*" I believe there are some coming every day and enquiring the way to the Lord."

FROM REV. GEO. HUGHES, DIST. SEC.

THE SAILOR'S CAUSE AT THE
CONFERENCES.

[Mr. H. attended the sessions of the *Philadelphia and New Jersey Conferences* of the M. E. Church, and presented before them the work of the Am. and Penn. S. F. Societies. He found a cordial greeting, and received many expressions of interest in the cause. Addresses were made in its behalf by Rev. Messrs. Jeffreys, Heston, Wakeley of N. Y. and Willets. Want of space forbids more than this brief notice of those meetings.]

INTERESTING MEETINGS IN
PHILADELPHIA.

I have been permitted recently to hold several very interesting meetings in some of the churches in this city, in company with Brother D. Von Krevelin, who has just sailed for Valparaiso to act as a colporteur among seamen. We were greeted with a throng in the Tenth Baptist Church, of which Rev. Joseph H. Kennard has been pastor for many years. Not less than one thousand persons were present, and a liberal

collection was received. We held a meeting in the Second Baptist Church on a Sabbath evening, and a very large concourse of people was assembled. Krevelin gave a very interesting account of his conversion, and Rev. R. B. Westbrook, and Dr. C. A. Kingsbury, of this city, aided us with excellent speeches. The sum of \$100 was generously contributed.

NOBLE LIBERALITY.

In connection with the last named meeting I must not omit to mention a pleasing incident. The pastor, Rev. W. Cathcart, made a powerful appeal to the congregation for pecuniary aid for our good work. It met a noble response. There was a young man present who wrote his name on one of the cards in the pew, guaranteeing that the collection should amount to \$100—a pledge he has faithfully fulfilled—contributing more than \$70. May he long live to sustain the great institutions of our holy Christianity.

MEETING AT GERMANTOWN.

A Union meeting was held on a Monday evening at the Baptist Church at German town. The pastor, Rev. Warren Randolph gave us a true hearted welcome as also several other ministers who occupied the platform, representing different evangelical churches. Krevelin again related his experience. Captain Bartlett, of Plymouth, rendered us efficient service, as also Dr. Kingsbury. A liberal collection was taken, having this peculiarity, that it contained several gold rings. Some of the fair auditors must have had their hearts touched. Their names are unknown, but the consecrations are appreciated.

AND YET ANOTHER MEETING.

We had a fine gathering in the Fifth Baptist Church in this city. Our President, Thomas Wattson, Esq. whose whole soul is enlisted in the

cause of seamen, occupied the chair, and opened with some appropriate remarks. Captain Bartlett, and our sailor missionary represented well the sons of the ocean. I was privileged to follow in some remarks; after which George H. Stewart, Esq., who is ready for every good word and work, made the closing appeal. It was well timed and produced its designed effect. He gave us a practical demonstration of the fact that he loves, not in word only by bringing a generous gift to the altar. May heaven's choicest benediction rest upon this devoted merchant of our "city of brotherly love."

THE FAREWELL GATHERING.

On Sabbath evening, April 4th we met in the "North Baptist Church," under the pastoral care of Dr. Cole. An immense audience was present, filling every aisle, and crowding even the vestibule. I endeavored to set forth the importance of our cause, after which Krevelin, and the captain of the brig in which he sailed, gave us a simple and touching relation of experience. Dr. Cole followed, laying heavy siege to the pockets of the audience, an operation that seemed to be entirely in consonance with their feelings, and the result was gratifying in the highest degree. The people bade Krevelin "good bye," with many tears, and the expression of many wishes for his success. The occasion will be very long remembered.

KREVELIN THE SAILOR AT SEA.

On Monday morning, 5th inst., he sailed from this port, under the charge of a pious Swedish captain. He goes to Valparaiso, hoping to lead many brother sailors to the cross. The impression made by him on the churches here was favorable. Let prayer ascend to God on his behalf,

and may he turn many of the inhabitants of the sea to Him.

GEO. HUGHES.

Phila., 13th April, 1858.

SAILOR'S HOME.

On the first of this month this Institution goes into new hands. Capt. Tracy who has conducted it with great efficiency for five years past retires, and is succeeded by the joint superintendence of Capts. E. RICHARDSON and E. WALFORD.

Capt. R. is too well known among the friends of seamen in this port and elsewhere to need especial mention. His administration from 1842 to 1849 will be remembered by many a homeless sailor, who there found both a home and friends, and in not a few instances the knowledge of the "better Friend" above.

Capt. Walford has been long in the employ of some of the leading mercantile houses in this port, as commander of their ships, and bears the highest testimonials to his fidelity and moral worth. His wife, for the most part, accompanied him on his voyages and has had a practical acquaintance with seamen, their peculiarities and wants.

The house and furniture are being put in good repair, and it is confidently expected that, under its new management, it will be found eminently worthy of its name as a *Home* for sailors, and fully sustain the reputation it has long enjoyed, as one of the most valuable institutions of benevolence in this city.

The English Admiral has discovered that Canton is situated on an island; one of the gun boats has just made a passage around it. It is somewhat singular that this fact was never known before.

APOLOGETIC.

An article from the "Pacific" newspaper of San Francisco, somehow got admission into our last number, reflecting severely on the conduct of the officers of the *Star of the West*, and of the late *Central America*, during some voyage not specified.

We have been assured, from the most unquestioned sources, that these statements are wholly false and groundless. The character of the steamship company and of Capt. Grey, alike utterly forbid that such improprieties should have been practiced with their connivance or knowledge. The officer of the *Central America* referred to, upon a full investigation in the proper quarter, received an honorable testimonial of his fidelity and good conduct. The allegations doubtless originated in some private pique, and bear upon their face evidence of being a wanton slander.

We exceedingly regret the inadvertence by which the article in question obtained a place in the Magazine.

Interesting prayer meetings are frequently held upon the Steam Boats running on the Sound.

The Rev. J. W. Elliott, late in the service of the Am. S. S. Union, has recently been appointed Joint District Secretary of the Am. S. Friend, and Am. Bethel Societies, for Western N. York. Under his efficient labors, a resuscitation is hoped for of the cause of the sailor on that important field. We heartily commend him to the favor of the churches and their pastors.

Our thanks are due to I. H. Upton, Esq., for a carefully compiled list of disasters during the month of March, which with some abbreviations, we give in its proper place. Will he be good enough to remember us monthly in a similar way?

Several communications intended for this number are necessarily deferred.

NOTICE.

The THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the Am. Seamen's Friend Society, will be held on Monday evening, May 10, in the Church of the Puritans, Union Square, at 7½ o'clock. The friends of seamen, and the public generally are invited to attend.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

DISASTERS FOR MARCH,

FURNISHED BY I. H. UPTON, ESQ.

STEAMERS.	From.	To	Est. Loss.	Remarks.
Name.	Missi. R.	St. Louie,	18,000	Sunk Miss.R.
Arkansas,	Calcutta,	Suez,	1,200,000	Total loss.
Ava, (Br.)	Constantino.,	Mondavia,	50,000	Total loss.
Bandurma. (Fr)	New York,	Charleston,	400	Mach. broken
Caledonia, (Pro.), Layfield,	Demopolis.	Mobile,	75,000	Tot. loss, fire.
Eliza Battle, Stone,	Fall River,	New York,	35,000	Struck, sunk.
Empire State, Brayton,	White River,	Memphis,	1,400	Fire.
Evansville,	Trin. River,	Galveston,	80,000	Fire.
Gov. Pease,	Detroit,	Buffalo,	7,600	Cap. & sunk.
Globe,	Cincinnati,	Pittsburg,	115,000	Burnt.
H. A. Jones, Knight,				

Harken,	Havana,	Amsterdam,	2,400	In distress.
Osprey, Kinney,	New York.	Providence,	4,500	Ashore Pl. Is.
Palmetto, (Pro.), Baker,	Philadel.,	Boston,	100,000	Strk. Bl'ek Is.
P. Sprague, Matthews,	Boston,	Philadelphia,	6,700	Collision.
Princess,	Cincinnati,	Nashville,	30,000	Collision.
R. J. Lockwood, Lamothe,	N. Albany,	Exeursion,	45,000	Total loss fire.
Silver Moon,	Red River,	New Orleans,	30,000	Fire, tot. loss.
St. Lawrence,	Pittsburg,	New Orleans,	40,000	Sunk.
Worcester,	New York,	Norwich,	1,800	Strk. nr N.Ln.
Wamsutta, (Pro.)	New York,	New Bedford,	300	Broke shaft.

SHIPS.

Atlantic, Maciel,	Corosea,	New York,	2,600	Sprg. a leak.
Agamemnon, (Br.), Darley,	N. Orleans,	Liverpool,	95,000	Total loss.
Avondale, Ruark,	Liverpool.	New York,	40,000	Total loss.
Atlas,	St. Jn's, N.E.,	Cork,	53,000	Total loss.
Belle America, Sawyer,	New York,	Mobile,	22,000	Total loss.
Baden, Stilphen,	Havre,	New Orleans,	1,400	Collision.
Champion, Samson,	Calcutta,	In Port,	4,500	Leaky,
Coringa, Smith,	Manila,	Boston,	2,700	
Com. Morris, (Wh.), Lawrence,	Falmouth,	Sydney, N. S. W.	6,000	Syd., leaky.
Colombo, Stuart,	Sbields,	New York,	3,500	
Gleaner, Lunt,	Chineas,	Havre,	250	
Helen, West,	London,	Melbourne,	150,000	On fire aban.
Hesperus, Lewin,	Liverpool,	Boston,	6,000	Dismasted.
H. B. Mildmay, Webb,	Philadel.,	Deal,	6,000	In distress.
Juniata, Wilson,	Liverpool,	Philadelphia,	500	Lost sails, &c.
J. C. Boynton, Brown,	Shields,	New Haven,	2,200	In distress.
J. Rowan, (Br.), Harrison,	N. Orleans,	Liverpool,	9,500	Leaky.
Kentuckian, Merrymaa,	N. Orleans,	Havre,	500	Collision.
Kennebec, Curtis,	Liverpool,	Mobile,	60,000	Abandoned.
Louisiana, (Bre.) Muller,	Charleston,	Bremen,	1,000	
Leander, Curtis,	Liverpool,	New Orleans,	50,000	Collision.
M. Diez, (Chil.), Ybaragary,	Boston,	Valparaiso,	30,000	Aban. on fire.
Miles Standish, Gardner,	Chincas,	Havre,	250	
Northern Empire, Lange,	Callao,	Falmouth,	25,000	Sunk.
Otomoco, Mason,	Chincas,	Cowes,	30,000	In distress.
Panther, Parker,	S. Francisco.	Valparaiso,	500	Collision.
Richmond, Gookin,	N. Orleans,	Boston,	26,000	Ashore,
R. M. Mills, Sturgis,	Callao,	Cowes,	6,500	In distress.
Rockland, Brown,	Mobile.	Boston,	30,000	K. West l'ky
St. Nicolas, Bragdon,	New York,	Havre,	1,000	Lst mainmast
Sarah Purington, Ballard,	London,	Charleston,	42,000	Aban. at sea.
Statesman, Watts,	N. Orleans,	Fleetwood,	1,200	Collision.
Sarah Judkins, Smith,	Apalachicola,	Liverpool,	75,000	Tot. loss, fire.
Trumbull, Richardson,	Liverpool,	New Orleans,	1,000	Struck.
V. Smidt, (Bre.), Langenberg,	Bremen,	New Orleans,	500	Leaky.
War Hawk, Simmonds,	Amsterdam,	New York,	1,200	Gale, light'g
Wm. Singer, Farley,	Callao,	London,	6,000	Cowes, leaky.

BARKS.

Alice, Penny,	New York.	Cienfuegos,	18,000	Total loss.
Acme, Saroni,	New York.	Constantinople,	4,500	
Actress, Hopkins,	Glasgow,	Savannah,	16,000	Total loss.
A. H. Kimball, Mallett,	N. Orleans,	New York,	3,000	In distress.
Arthur, Hoyt,	Sumatra,	St. Helena,	500	Lost sails, &c.
Annie Archibald, Sheridan,	Newcastle,	Boston,	1,500	Ashore leaky.
Braziliero, Baxter,	Rio Janeiro,	New York,	4,000	Leaky.
Gen. Warren, Clifford,	Havana,	New York,	1,200	Lost sails, &c.
Gerd, (Nor.), Ihlen,	Newport,	Cuba,	26,000	Aban. at sea.
Galatea, Jenson,	Callao,	Cowes,	40,000	Total loss.
Harrot Spalding, Booker,	Galveston.	Boston,	800	In distress.
Itasca, Brown,	P. Franklin,	New York,	1,700	Leaky.
Mary, Wright,	Alexandria,	Messina,	8,000	Ashore.
Nymph, Price,	Singapore,	Hong Kong,	3,900	Leaky.
Orlando, Conner,	Boston,	Port au Prince,	5,000	Leak'g badly.

Otto, (Dutch,) Rolguns,	Rotterdam,	Batavia,	1,000 Collision.
Pasha, Miller,	Sunderland,	New Haven,	5,600 Leaky.
R. G. W. Dodge, Jarvis,	Sagua,	New York,	3,700 Leaky.
R. A. Allen, Robbins,	Liverpool,	New York,	300 Lost sails, &c
Sierra Nevada, Foster,	Havana,	Marseilles,	8,000 Ashore.
S. B. Hale, Crowther,	Havana,	Boston,	1,200 In distress.
Sea Bird, Weston,	Messina,	Boston,	900 Lost.
Saranac, Bullerick,	Aquadilla,	Porto Rico,	750 Stranded.
Velocity, White,	S. Jago, Cuba,	New York,	20,000 Total loss.
W. F. Schmidt, Sears,	Greenock,	New Orleans,	2,600

BRIGS.

Alamode, (Br.) Grunner,	Porto Rico,	2,800 Total loss.
Altavella, Gilkey,	Attakapas,	150 Ashore, C. B.
A. K. Deeling, Damon,	New York,	1,200 In distress.
Ann M. Weeks, Robbins,	Porto Rico,	4,500 Ashore.
B. W. Packer, Lee,	Cape Haytien,	300 Lost sails &c.
Canima, Brown,	New Orleans,	2,000 Leaky, &c.
Charles Edward, Hassell,	Havana,	900 Ashore.
Evelina Rutter, McDonald,	Rio Janeiro,	3,400 Leaky.
Elzira, Stevens,	Cardenas,	450 Leaky.
Echo, King,	New York,	7,500 Ashore,
Elizabeth, Libby,	Camden,	1,600 Lst. mainmst
Francis Fabers, Jackson,	Philadelphia,	1,200
Halifax, (Br.) J. Cunningham,	Cuba,	18,000 Aban. leaky.
Itaska, Briggs,	Charleston,	10,800 Ashore.
Judson,	San Francisco,	3,500 Total loss.
Lauretta, Smith,	Cardenas,	400 Spr'ng a leak
Montrose, Edmonds,	Cardenas,	4,600 In distress.
Mary, (Br.) Mallory,	New Orleans,	2,000 Ashore
Mianus, Perkiss,	Norfolk,	1,500 Leaky.
News Boy, Leckie,	Fayal,	400 Dam. by gale.
R. & S. Lamson, Upton,	Norfolk,	4,500 Total loss.
Samuel Dean,	New York,	1,200 Leaky.
Storm King, Dubee,	Turks Island,	5,000 Total loss.
S. G. Bass, Winchester,	Nevassa, I.,	250 Ashore.
South, Baker,	Galveston,	1,420 In distress.
Washington, Merrick,	St. Mary's, G.	5,600 Total loss.

SCHOONERS.

Amy W. Leeds, Wilson,	New York,	Pensacola,	5,300
Albert Mason, Halleck,	New Orleans,	Baltimore,	2,800 Leak'g badly
Alexandria, Miller, S. A.	Rose Blanche,	New York,	1,800 Missing.
B. W. Eldridge, Snow,	Rockport,	New York,	400 Collision.
Chelsea, Lowell,	Chesa. Bay,	Portsmouth,	8,400 Collision.
Christopher Loeser, Snow,	Baltimore,	Havana,	350 Ashore.
Ceylon, Jackson,	Rockland,	Newport,	6,000 Total loss.
Dart, (Br.) Samuel Gowan,	Halifax,	St. Peters, Mn.	1,800 Capsized.
D. Van Name, (Slp.) Squires,	New York,	York River,	500 Capsized.
David E. Wolf, Russel,	Philadelphia,	New York,	1,200 Ashore.
Emma Packer,	S. Francisco,		4,850 Total loss.
E. Freeman, Chapman,	Provincetown	New York,	11,000 Collision.
Elizabeth H. English, English,	Wilm.. N. C.	New York,	250 Collision.
El Dorado, Rice,	New York,	Jamaica,	12,000 Total loss.
E. C. Johnson, Burnett,	Philadelphia,	Charleston,	1,000 Dismasted.
Eliza Catharine, Alden,	Key West,	Tampa,	800 Leaky.
Ellen, Coid,	Charleston,	St. Augustine,	1,500 Leaky.
F. Merwin, Avery,	New York,	Charleston,	500 Dam. by gale
Foam Bell, Horton,	Gloucester,	Boston,	400 Cap. & sunk.
Gen. Veazie, Teel,	Pt. au Prince,	Boston,	250 Collision.
Gen. Soto, (Mex.)	Coatzacoalcos		3,800 Total loss.
H. E. Parker, Knight,	Georgetown,	Norfolk,	4,500 Aban. at sea.
Indus, Stokely,	Balto.	St. Thomas,	1,950 Leaky.
Inkerman, (Br.) McKenna,	Newfoundl'd,	Halifax, N. S.	3,600 Total loss.
Juniata, Harrington,	Portland,	Philadelphia,	1,200 Leaky.
Julia Newell, Cushing,	Baltimore,	Portland,	300

" 11, Wm. Hunstan,	24 Nor.
" 12, Seth Tryon,	24 Den.
" 20, Capt. John Roberts,	55 Mass.
" 27, Wm. Benson,	46 L. I.
" 28, John Widgeon,	20 Vir.
" 28, John Williams,	19 Eng.
1858.	
Jan. 1, Joseph Pierce,	25 R. I.
" 4, Wm. Butler,	40 Balt.
" 5, Juan Gomey,	30 Por.
" 11, Francis Solomon,	27 Mar.
" 16, Capt. Wm. Stevens,	54 Mass.
" 30, Charles Seward,	21 Den.
Feb. 6, James McNeil,	23 Ire.
" 7, Thos. Newton,	50 Con.
" 17, Daniel Williams,	28 Swed.
" 25, Manana Lopez,	25 Manil.
" 28, John Domingo,	Carase
March 3, Geo. Bladwell,	43 S. Crz.
" 5, John Brauen,	35 Nor.
" 7, Wm. Jackson,	45 Ire.
" 10, Johnson Andrews,	
" 13, Thos. Franklyn,	34 N. J.
" 17, W.H. Williams, (col.)	33 N. Y.
" 20, Thos. Carr,	20 Me.
" 23, Wm. Perkins,	50 N. Y.
" 23, Edward Martin,	29 Ire.
" 24, Geo. Pierce,	23 Eng.
April, 2, Jas. Burton, (col.)	47 Del.

Charles Wheeler died of consumption on ship Henry Clay, on her passage from Liverpool.

John Philips fell from aloft and was killed, on the same ship.

Pracket Mountford, knocked overboard and lost, from schr. Ophir, 3 days from Portland.

Hiram Carpenter, of Lempster, N. H. and Orin Hubbard, of Middletown, Ct., fell from aloft and killed, on ship Fleetwood, in Atlantic O.

Thomas Green of Phila., Edward Ring, Geo. Lewis, and another, died of yellow fever in bark Reindeer, from Rio Janeiro to N. Y.

James Rogers, of Calais, Me., 1st off., Thomas J. Richardson, of Metheuen, Mass. and Peter McCue, of ship Orozimbo, drowned while whaling.

Joseph Corbit, of Eastport, Me., killed by an accident on ship Friendship, at Weekalet, W. S., Jan. 12.

Thomas Brown fell from aloft on ship J. A. Westervelt, and Geo. Miller died from exposure on same ship on her passage from Liverpool.

Capt. Wm. Griffiths and crew of eight men missing on brig Macon, sailed from Savannah in January.

Two men killed by lightning on ship Kennebec of Bath.

John Rowe fell from main-royal mast on ship Ocean Telegraph, and instantly killed.

James Lennon, of Pictou, lost over-

board from Br. brig Star, from St. John's N. F.

Henry Smith fell from jibboom of the Hope, in Pacific Ocean.

Capt. A. J. Prince, of schr. Georgia, washed overboard and lost.

J. W. Welsh fell overboard from schr. Governor, and drowned.

Peter Anderson, Swede, died on bark Braziliero, from Rio Janeiro.

John Eiler, boy, washed overboard fr Bremen bark, Atlantic.

Capt. Mellen and John Smith, 3d mate. of whale ship Junior, killed in a mutiny off N. S. Wales.

RECEIPTS.

From March 1st to April 1st, 1858.

Directors for life by the payment of \$50.

Rev. George F. W. Petrie, by Pres. Ch., Montgomery, Ala., 50 00

Rev. A. H. Mitchell, D. D., by Meth. Epis. Ch., Ala., 57 35

Rev. F. L. B. Shaver, by Protestant Method. Ch., Ala., 53 00

Rev. A. A. Porter, by Pres. Ch. Selma, Ala., 50 00

Members for Life by the payment of \$20.

Rev. Willis Colton, by Cong. Ch., Wethersfield, Ct., 42 00

Rev. J. T. Tichenor, by Bapt. Ch., Montgomery, Ala., 25 00

Rev. J. M. Mitchell, by friends Bapt. Ch., Montgomery, Ala., 20 00

Mrs. Isa J. Porter, Pres. Ch., Selma, Ala., 29 50

Mrs. Mary W. Wadsworth, by Meth. Epis. Ch., Selma, Ala., 28 00

Rev. L. C. Ransom, by Cumberland Pres. Ch., Selma, Ala., 20 50

Rev. A. G. McCraw, by Bapt. Ch., Selma, Ala., 22 50

Mrs. Eliz. Whiting, Montgomery, Ala., by her husband, amount accounted below.

Wm. Plain, N. Y., by F. P. Schoals, am't ack'd April No.

Rev. L. I. Stoutenburgh, by Cong. Ch. Chester, N. J., 20 00

Donations.

South Cong. Ch. Kennebunkport, Me., 24 00

First Parish S. School, Bangor, 62 90

Cong. Ch., West Concord, N.H. 8 00

Cong. Ch., Peru, Vt., 11 60

"Busy Bee Society," Pittsfield, Mass., by Miss L. P. Todd, 70 00

Walter Tracy, Pittsfield, Mass. 10 00

Cong. Ch., Falmouth, " 4 00

Chapel, Andover,	"	21	49
Cong. Church, E. Medway,	"	36	00
" " Manchester,	"		
(add)	"	1	34
" " Centerville,	"	7	91
" " Hinsdale,	"	75	50
" " Belchertown,	"	45	00
" " S. School,	"		
Monson, (add.)	"	17	00
East Abington, Mass.,	"	7	75
Cong. Ch., Bethel, Ct., (bal.)	"	0	36
" " Naugatuck, Ct.,	"	23	00
" " Greenville, " (bal.)	"	5	00
First Cong. Ch. Greenwich, Ct.	"	20	00
Second do. do.	"	94	19
Judah Baldwin, Woodbury,	"	5	00
Cong. Ch., W. Woodstock,	"	3	00
S. School, Meth. Epis. Ch.,	"		
Waterbury,	"	15	00
Cong. Ch., Salisbury,	"	18	75
" " Lebanon,	"	22	40
Pres. Ch., Carmine St., N. Y.,	"	65	31
A Friend,	"	1	00
H. Boies, Harpersfield,	"	3	00
S. School Scholar, Collegiate	"		
Ref. Dutch Church,	"	3	00
Ch. of the Puritans, N. Y., (add)	"	5	00
Pres. Ch., Chester, N. Y. (in part)	"	25	95
Meth. Ep. Ch., " "	"	8	00
A Mite for the Sailors, N. Y.,	"	1	00
An Old Sailor,	"	5	00
Theron Fiske, Leroy,	"		
to purchase Bibles for seamen,	"	3	00
So. Pres. Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	"	64	00
2d Ref. Dutch Ch., Pokeep.	"	14	50
A Friend, N. Y.,	"	2	00
S'th Cong. Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	"	75	28
A Friend,	"		50
Pres. Ch., Astoria, (add.)	"	20	00
Ref. Dutch Ch., Flatbush,	"	30	01
A Gift, Wantage, N. J.,	"	2	00
First Ref. Dutch Ch. Jer. City,	"	41	50
J. P. Crozer, Esq., Chester, Pa.	"	10	00
First Bapt. Ch., Balt., Md.	"	12	28
Second " " "	"	13	62
Sundry Individuals,	"	12	00
Members of Pres. Ch. Mont-	"		
gomery, Ala.,	"	100	00
Sundry Individuals, Mont. Ala.	"	101	00
" " Selma,	"	12	00
W. B. Brown, Columbus, Ohio,	"	1	00
Miss R. Tracy, Milford, Mich.,	"	10	00
Mrs. Ed. Lind, Porto Rico, W. I.	"	10	00

\$1,578 39

*Receipts into the Treasury of the Penn.**S. F. Society for March,**Rev. Geo. Hughes, Dist. Sec.*

Fifth St. M. E. Ch. Camden, N. J. 10 29

Third St. " " " 17 75

10th Baptist Church, Phila.,	34	07
2d " " "	100	00
Baptist Church, Germantown,		
Union Meeting,	25	50
5th Baptist Church, Phila., in-		
cluding donation of Geo. H.		
Stuart, Esq., \$25,	48	86
Baptist Ch., Norristown, Pa.,	5	89
Pres. Ch., Del. City, (add.)	6	50
	\$248	86

*Receipts into the Treasury of the American
Bethel Society, acknowledged by Rev.
J. W. Elliott, Dist. Secretary.*

Pres. Ch., Utica, N. Y., to make		
Dwight D. Knapp and Wm.		
Platt, L. M.,	43	13
Pres. Ch., Elmira, N. Y., to		
make Rob. Covell, L. M.,	21	00
Cong. Ch., Elmira, N. Y.,	19	00
Citizens of Havana, "	9	75
Second Pres. Ch., Auburn, N. Y.	26	10
Cong. Ch., Syracuse,	24	05
First Pres. Ch., Auburn,	40	91
Pres. Ch., Whitesboro,	8	30
First Cong. Ch., Canadadigua,	52	60
Westminster Pres. Ch., Utica,	10	07
Mount Vernon Pres. Ch., N. Y.	10	00
Park Pres. Ch., Syracuse,	10	00
Second Bapt. Ch., "	7	74
Pres. Ch., Seneca Falls,	10	50
Bapt. Ch., Corning,	2	81

\$295 96

Whole amount, \$2,123 21.

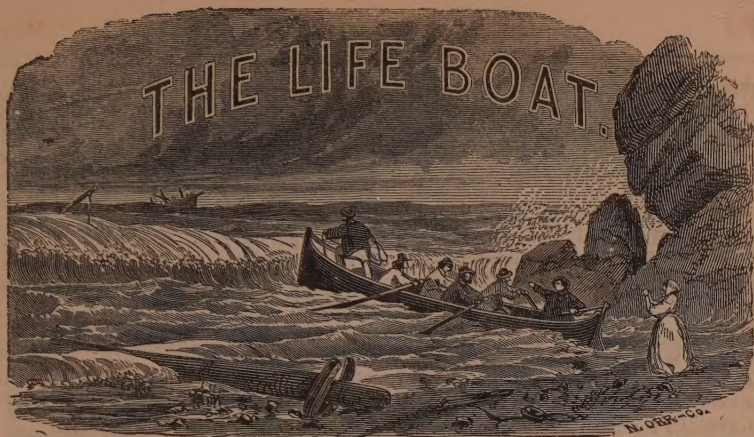
Corrections.

The collections reported in the March number as from *Savannah, Geo.*, should have been credited to *Augusta, Geo.*, as follows:

Baptist Ch., to make Rev. J. E.		
Ryeson and W. H. Turpin,		
L. M.,	43	00
Meth. Epis. Ch., to make Rev.		
Joseph S. Key, L. D. (in part)	35	00
Christian Ch., to make Rev. J.		
S. Lamar, L. D. (in part)	10	00
Prot. Epis. Ch. to make Rev.		
Dr. Ford, L. D. (in part)	12	00
Presbyterian Church, to make		
Rev. Jos. R. Wilson D. D.,		
L. D., and Mrs. Jeanie Wil-		
son L. M.	156	00

\$256 00

In the Feb. No., P. J. Trimlow,
M. D., should be Rev. P. J. Timlow,
M. D.



May, 1858. Published by the Amer. Seamen's Friend Society. No. 5.

THE LIFE BOAT.

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay-colored bark moving gracefully by;
No damp on her deck, but the eventide's weeping,
No breath in her sails, but the summer wind's sigh.

Yet who could not turn, with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the LIFE BOAT, though ragged and worn,

Which often hath wafted, o'er hills of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn.

Oh grant, that of those who in life's sunny slumber,
Around us like summer barks idly have played,
When storms are abroad, we may find in the number,

One friend like the LIFE BOAT to fly to our aid.

This beautiful poem by Moore contains a sentiment which we desire to have remembered. The kind of friends which the sailor needs are those who will do something for him—who will send to him "o'er hills of the ocean" "the lost light of hope," even though it costs them self-denial and an effort.

"CAPTAIN TOM."

Rarely does the history of a single life show a more diversified experience, than that of an aged colored sailor known by the above name, who recently died at the Sailor's Snug Harbor on Staten Island. We have been favored with the following interesting account of him, from Captain De Peyster, Superintendent of that institution.

SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR,
13th March, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:

In compliance with your desire, I give

the conversation that took place between Thomas Wilson, (colored,) and myself.—This man came to the Harbor about eleven months ago, then aged 97 years, but in appearance not more than 70. His teeth were as perfect, both in quantity and soundness, as when a lad of 18 years. In questioning him closely, I was satisfied the account he gave of himself was correct. He was born in Africa, taken from there when a youth 9 years old to the island of Jamaica, and sold to a Mr. Thomas Wilson, a planter, and owner of one or more small craft, called Drogger, or more properly Dogger.

Finding in his youthful slave a very trusty person, Mr. Wilson gave him in due course of time, command of one of his small vessels. Captain Tom, so he was then called, had a crew of ten men and boys, *all slaves*. He was employed in taking slaves and other merchandise from port to port, on the north side of the Island.

In the war of 1812 with England, Captain Tom's vessel, together with himself and all hands, 20 in number, were taken by the privateer Saucy Jack. The dogger was burnt, and crew taken to Baltimore, put in prison, and after one year and one day, they were placed in an enclosure, and sold to the highest bidder. A Mr. George Tyson, of that place, bought Captain Tom, or Thomas Wilson, so named after his former master. Mr. Tyson kept a hardware store, and he also owned one or two small vessels, (coasters.) Captain Thomas Wilson, was first employed in his new master's store—but learning that he had been accustomed to vessels, and finding him very faithful in all matters, Thomas was placed on board of the schooner Sally, as deck hand or sailor, and in that way and occasionally

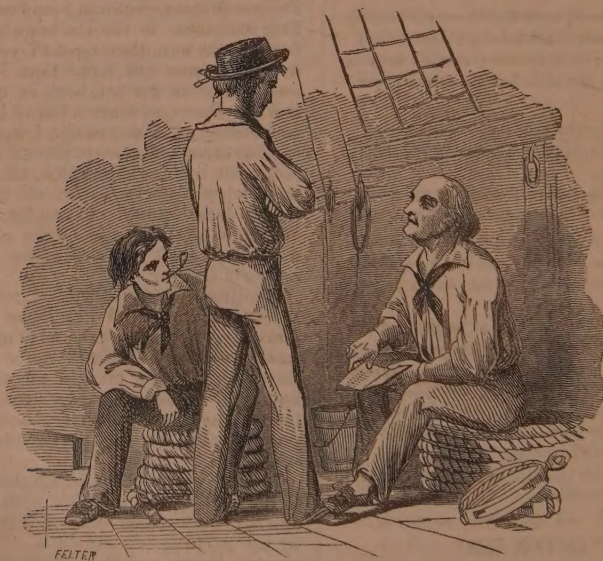
working in the store, he remained for several years, or until his master's death. In all this time, the old man told me, he never had lived more happy. Mr. Tyson was one of the best men, kind to him and to all his slaves.

I then asked him if he could read—"Oh, yes Sir," "Well, Wilson, what do you think of your present situation—do you expect to get up again in health, or do you think the *call* for you has already gone forth?" "I am sure, Sir, that I will only leave this bed to be taken to my grave." "Well, my old friend, that will be the earthly part of you—what are your thoughts in regard to your spirit—your soul, that other part of you, which does not go with you in the grave, but which your God requires to appear before Him the instant it leaves its house of clay. Are you in hopes of its being able

to weather the Cape, and arrive safe into His SNUG HARBOR?" "Yes, Sir, I have every hope, I have always put my trust in God's mercy, for Christ's sake." After saying a few words in favor of his hope being realized, I bade him good bye.—"Good bye, Sir, God bless you." Wishing him the like happiness, I left him, not thinking for one moment that his death was so near. He died that night about 12 o'clock, 11th instant.

I am Sir, very respectfully,
AUG. DE PEYSTER.

One of the first gospel sermons ever preached was delivered upon the sea; the pulpit used was a boat; the first converts were sailors. Can the children tell us when and where this occurred?



BOOKS ON SHIPBOARD.

Among the methods of promoting both the intellectual and spiritual good of seamen, is that of furnishing them with profitable reading on shipboard. In fine weather sailors often have a good deal of leisure, and the time hangs heavy on their hands. An interesting book or tract, at such times, and especially on the Sabbath, is of inestimable value.

It is a part of the work of the A. S. F. Society to supply libraries to vessels at a small cost. Often in such cases may a

group of sailors be seen as above, spending their noon-hour or other spare time, reading or conversing upon the subjects thus brought to their notice. Many have through this means been instructed in religion, and brought to the feet of Christ.

Through the agency of our shipping, Bibles, tracts and other books are also sent abroad to Catholic and Heathen ports. Mr. Pierson, Marine Agent of the N. Y. Bible Society, says, in reference to this work:

"The City of New York, is the second commercial port on the globe. Its ships

go to all parts of the world: now bringing a load of five hundred German or Irish emigrants from Antwerp or Liverpool to New York; now visiting, on a coasting voyage, the French or Portuguese settlements on the Guinea coast, or the Spanish ports on the western coast of South America; now carrying sugar, voyage after voyage, from some West India port, Spanish or French; and now our large clipper ships are making their regular yearly voyages around the world, via San Francisco and China. There is scarcely a single port of any size, known to commerce, which cannot be reached during the year by some vessel sailing from this port. The population, too, which our shipping is brought in contact with, is, as a general thing, the most intelligent and liberalized—the maritime and commercial, and the officials of government. Our seamen, moreover, not only go where no missionary has gone or could go, but they have advantages, immunities, privileges, and opportunities of access, such as persons professedly engaged in missionary work could not have. They, or their friends whose aid they can so readily command, know the customs of the country they visit, and they can labor without arousing suspicion or

prejudice. An American vessel may carry her Italian cabin Bible right into the harbor of Naples, in spite of all the police, and keep it there during her stay, open on the cabin table, and free to the use of any one visiting the vessel from the shore.

Already these and similar distributions have come to associate abroad the American flag with the Bible and religious tract. We can ask no higher honor for our country's flag than this—better far than the glory which comes from warlike conquests or martial renown.

A pious lieutenant in the Dutch naval service writes:

"I am grateful for the tidings I have received of your society in different parts of the globe. Having been a very long time at Batavia, in the East Indies, I knew by experiment that American ships generally were in possession of Bibles and tracts. By means of your ships the Word of God and our blessed Saviour, has been distributed all over the globe. A couple of years ago, I was walking with a Christian friend of mine along the quay of Rotterdam, when I invited him to step at once on board the first ship with stars and stripes we should see. He would not believe it, when, lo, on the very first one, *we were asked what we wanted, Bibles or tracts?*"

A KING'S SIGNATURE!

The above is a *fac simile* of the signature of his majesty the king of the Sandwich Islands. It was attached, not to a declaration of war, not to any political document, but to a circular of the Sailor's Home at Honolulu, as President of its Board of Trustees. We doubt whether it was ever written where it does him more honor than here. How forcibly does it remind us of the day predicted when "kings shall be nursing fathers" of the cause of the Redeemer. We trust that many a sailor who enjoys the comfort of that good home for a season, will

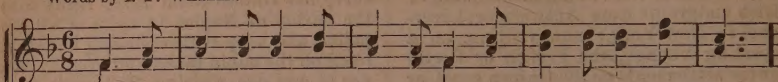
be ready to shout with a warm heart "God save the King!"

BAPTISM OF A JAPANESE.

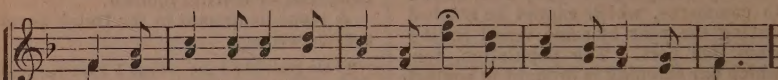
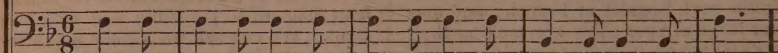
Prof. Harvey, of Madison University, baptized on the 7th inst., Samuel Setharo, a native Japanese. He is a young man, who has been for some time supported by friends in New York, in a course of study, and is the relic of a Japanese crew who were wrecked in the Northern Pacific. It is in contemplation to make him a missionary to his own people, and we trust the Providence that transferred him to our shores, designs him as an instrument of Japanese evangelization.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

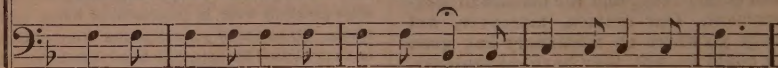
Words by I. P. WARREN.



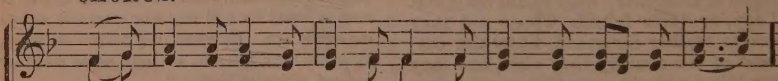
1. Sail - ors, on life's stormy o - cean, As our bark we homeward steer,
 2. Fierce temp - ta - tions oft as - sail us, And the gales of pas - sion blow;



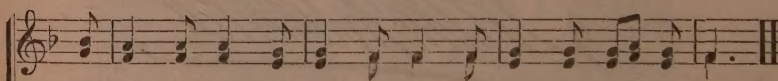
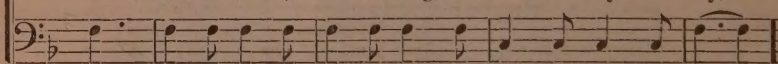
Let us, 'mid the wild com - mo - tion, Raise our songs of pleasant cheer.
 Yet our hearts shall never fail us, Je - sus will his aid be - stow.



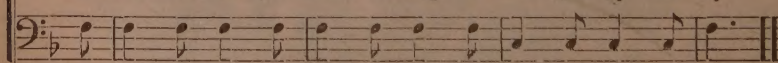
CHORUS.



We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an - chor by - and - by,



We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an - chor by - and - by.



3.

Though the night is dark and dreary,
 Though the lightnings flash on high,
 He will hear us, faint and weary—
 Hear, and save us when we cry.
 We'll stand, &c.

4.

Faith, our helmsman, true and ready,
 God's own word, our chart and guide;
 Onward, onward, swift and steady,
 O'er the watery waste we glide.
 We'll stand, &c.

5.

By-and-by the skies will brighten,
 By-and-by our voyage be o'er;
 And our weary bark shall anchor
 On the long-sought, heavenly shore.
 We'll stand, &c.

6.

By-and-by the port above us,
 Greet the mariners distressed;
 Whence no tempest e'er shall move us,
 Where is everlasting rest.
 We'll stand, &c.